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Mr Crosland's Legacy

Not even the most embittered rail commuter, threatened with a huge hike in his train fare, can deny one thing about the Department of Environment's 'consultation document' on transport: it hangs together. Mr Anthony Crosland, in his last will and testament as Environment Secretary, has subjected the tangled, chaotic business of how we move people and goods about in Britain to a searching survey. It is probably the most complete review of transport ever done in this country by a government in office; and in its quest for the Holy Grail of a coherent policy in which road and rail come together it benefits considerably from being written mainly from one point of view. Since this point of view is Mr Crosland's, the document has great intellectual cohesion. This is not simply a stylistic virtue, it underpins its review of each sector of transport, and the very blunders of the document – of which there are not a few – can be corrected in the months of consultation that must follow.

Mr Shore, Mr Crosland's successor at Environment, must come under most pressure to amend the document's thinking in its section on the railways, and we can be thankful that British Rail now has the vigorous Mr Peter Parker as its chairman to fight for it rather than poor, depressed Sir Richard Marsh. The document's basic strategy is to look at each method of travelling, judge its economic and social value, and decide whether it is deserving of public subsidy. Nothing wrong with that at all, providing it is done across the board. The railways come in for the most appalling discrimination, and if all the document's suggestions are put in to effect, it is likely large numbers of people will think again about going by rail.

Mr Crosland's now celebrated view that commuters are a bunch of wealthy Conservative voters getting a cheap ride at the public expense is articulated in the paper. It argues that commuters in the South East – long-distance commuters anyway – won't abandon their trains because they can't. They have no other way of getting to work. They are captive. If such a view were put into practice, the risks of permanent damage to British Rail would be enormous. Most of the other ideas about railways the document contains – such as freezing the investment level – are also potentially damaging.

To come to these conclusions, the Department has asked the question: does the social value of particular railway practices justify a subsidy? To its credit, it applies the same standard to car travel, for example, except that its conclusions are much less specific and decided. This is where all good socialists can come to the aid of the railways. The document rightly points out the way company cars are distorting transport policies, especially in the cities. People who get free or subsidised use of business cars not only get their travel on the cheap: they interfere with people travelling in the buses, competing for their road space. Very properly, and for the first time in a government report, the document says that it won't be possible to control congestion in the cities without doing something about company cars, and on a national basis, too. It declares that control of parking is the best strategy for cities, and commendably says that means private car parks, too.

Now, in the period for discussing the document before the Government issues its own ideas in a White Paper later in the year, this concession can be exploited. Company car drivers are much more favoured than even the most plutocratic commuter breakfasting on kippers on the 8.10 Brighton to London. Massive sums in revenue are lost every year by the Treasury in tax concessions to people who use company cars – one study suggests over £600m. a year, or getting on for double the annual rail subsidy. The Government could be pressed to switch some of this public subsidy from the cars to the railways, thus at one stroke promoting social justice and securing the future of the safest, cleanest form of land transport we have.

As it is, Mr Crosland has at least given people the opportunity to argue the case. Better still, he has drawn up the rules for the debate, and very good rules they are, too. The debate in the next months could start to produce a transport system at once egalitarian and efficient.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Power to the Provisionals

A year ago Mr James Callaghan was saying, or rather he was quoted as saying, that 'Thieu would make a damned good member of the national executive of the Labour Party'. So I was rather looking forward to the formation of the new cabinet last week, and wondering whether a similar flair might not be shown in the new appointments. The world is full of talented politicians in search of a job – what about Lon Nol for defence, for instance, or poor dear Mrs Peron to take over from Barbara? But no such luck – it was an anti-glamour, anti-fun, antiseptic cabinet. The average age was reduced by a staggering 2.3 years. The comparative figures for average IQ have not yet been released.

The most peculiar feature of the cabinet is its provisional nature – there is a provisional prime minister (he will retire after either winning or losing the next election), a provisional home secretary, a provisional foreign secretary and a provisional chancellor. At least, that is the impression that Downing Street was giving, and that is the jibe which the Conservatives will continue to employ. In fact it may well be that the temporary aspect of the changes has been exaggerated. The departure of Mr Roy Jenkins may be imminent – in which case Mr Merlyn Rees moves to the Home Office and Mr Roy Hattersley finally gets Ulster and a seat in the cabinet. (Poor old Hatters – before becoming Prime Minister Mr Callaghan told him: 'I shall astonish you all with my ingratitude.' So far, the only campaign man with any reason to be astonished is the Fat Boy himself.) But the other switch may be a long way off.

There is (as foreshadowed with breathtaking astuteness in this column last week) a plan whereby, in the course of time, Mr Anthony Crosland exchanges jobs with Mr Denis Healey. But how long is the course of time? Mr Crosland has inherited a fascinating agenda for the immediate future – there's a trip to China, which should be fun, and there's the appalling prospect of accompanying the Queen on the royal yacht, for some of the celebrations of American Independence. (They are to sail together from Bermuda, and I suppose the unspeakable Prince Philip will be there too – draped over the gunwhale, whatever that is, and mouthing platitudes. I hope Mr Crosland takes a large supply of good books. I can't think of anything worse than messing around in boats with the monarchy. I'm a landlubber republican myself, like all decent men.) Then there is the war with Iceland, which the Member for Grimsby may feel like escalating, there's the task of making sense out of Europe, and the possibility of yet another attempt at settling the Rhodesian question. Mr Crosland shows every sign of relishing the job, and there is talk of his staying there for at least 18 months.

By which time (and here we enter the realms of pure fantasy) Mr Healey is supposed to have set the economy on its feet. Mr Healey's Budget passed fairly easily through the Commons, whatever its fate will be outside the House. It was strongly attacked by the Left. To Mr Neil Kinnock, everybody's favourite MP, it 'codifies the belief of the most selfish and short-sighted saloon bar loud-mouth that income tax is the source of all evil and stagnation'. It blackmails the TUC into becoming pay vigilantes, forcing them to exert a control over their members which they do not possess and should not seek to possess. It attempts to turn the unions into rubber-stamping organisations of the kind found in the USSR.

Mr Kinnock made his speech over the weekend, and there are some who say that it must have cost him a job in the new Government. Whether this is so or not, there are several people on the Left who simply do not wish to be associated with Mr Healey's strategy, and therefore with this Administration. The argument against the strategy was developed on the last day of the debate by Mr Brian Sedgemore, who thought that the Treasury 'must be kicking itself for cocking up the presentation of the Budget'. It was a bungled piece of mismanaged capitalism, Mr Sedgemore said, which had caused the foreign exchange market to shudder, and which was designed to bring the trade union movement into odium. The odium for bad and wrong economic policies belonged properly with the Government and not with the unions. Mr Sedgemore gave Mr Healey four marks out of 10 for his Budget.

From the Opposition there was an entertaining performance by Sir Keith Joseph, who behaved like a mad professor – a tortured, guilt-ridden, misunderstood prophet. There were groans when, at the beginning of his speech, he made the elementary mistake of telling us in advance what he was going to say. He was going to cover inflation, crowding out, so-called spare capacity, incomes policy, trade union responsibilities, public spending and an item called 'what the country needs'. Everything was either so-called or pseudo something, and it all came over with tremendous passion. What it all meant, I'm afraid I can't say, but there was a moment at which Sir Keith referred to 'exploded pseudo-Keynesians', and Mr Maudling realised that he himself was under attack. When asked afterwards what sort of noise he thought an exploded pseudo-Keynesian made, Mr Maudling let out a long, feeble 'Pfffffff'.

The Tories were definitely in poor shape, and by the time Mr Healey was winding up the debate (in a House that was very far from full) they looked thoroughly demoralised. Mr Peter Walker, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, as Mr Healey admitted that the 3-per-cent limit might not be accepted, looked very ill indeed. 'Surrender,' he groaned, 'surrender within a week.' I believe also that he said something about a balls-up, but that does not appear in *Hansard*. At one point I genuinely thought that Mr Walker was about to be sick. Mr Healey by contrast was in good spirits. He was being gentle with the Left, and he actually complimented Mr Sedgemore on his speech. (But these little lessons are learnt too late.) With the Tories he adopted an attitude of benevolent disdain, which went down well with the Labour benches.

Within the Commons, then, Labour looks in pretty good shape – which is not bad considering that they lost their overall majority last week. I missed Mr John Stonehouse's performance on Friday morning, when he wandered around an empty chamber, at one point addressing the Speaker from the Government front bench. But Mr Stonehouse, by himself, could not precipitate a general election. The business of the House can perfectly well go on. If Mr Humphrey Atkins, the Tory Chief Whip, attempts to kick up a further stink about the composition of committees, he will find himself up against the chairman of the Committee of Selection, Mr Hugh Delargy. Mr Delargy was trained at the Gregorian University in Rome. He is one of the few MPs with a command of conversational Vatican Latin, into which he is apt at any moment to lapse. He is a stickler for the rules, and the rules for composition of committees do not favour the Tories.

The composition is supposed to reflect the balance of the House. That is true. But hitherto all the minority parties have been lumped together as independents, and therefore allowed a greater representation than they would get if taken singly. It was also possible to come to friendly arrangements. For instance, over the question of crofting, Mr David Steel was on the committee, and Mr Jo Grimond was feeling left out. So the Tories gave up one of their places so that he could join in. These gentlemanly arrangements may be threatened, but Labour will not have to yield the majority. They still control the Committee of Selection itself. Mr Delargy was not trained at the Gregorian University for nothing. Labour is not going to budge.

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Phillip Whitehead

The Man of Inconvenient Merit

April has been a cruel month for Roy Jenkins. He did not do well in the leadership stakes, less well than might have been expected for a man who got 140 votes in the first ballot of a deputy leadership contest four years ago, within days of voting against a three-line whip. He was not promoted by the incoming Prime Minister, though he had quit the field in good order and without conspiracy. Indeed his talents militated against such a promotion. 'Convenient merit,' wrote Bacon, 'unto which reward may easily reach, doth best with kings.' The same goes for prime ministers. So Jenkins, the man of inconvenient merit, broods over a decision to leave British politics for ever. And it would be for ever.

He may well have been mortified by defeat. Old defeats, from the Oxford Union onwards, crop up in his conversation, never forgotten. It could be that his moment has passed, and that he does not have the resilience of the opportunist to see that it may yet come again. Indeed his famous resignation letter in 1972 was a homily on opportunism: '. . . if government is born out of opportunism it becomes not merely difficult but impossible.' And yet what Administration does not acknowledge opportunism among its parentage? An opportunist might have challenged the shaken Mr Wilson in October 1970, knowing the difficulties that Europe would bring within the year. He was then the second man in the party, but he did not. The carnivorous instincts of Mrs Thatcher were not for him.

He might have held his peace after the great vote of principle on the Common Market in October 1971, as most of the perplexed electorate who voted him back into the deputy leadership thought he would. But he did not. His decision to resign the deputy leadership over the principle of the referendum was undoubtedly his most serious error. His detailed resignation letter asks a question that sometimes cannot be answered: suppose we were now in government, how could we make this work? It was demanded of a leader who was asking a quite different question: when we get into government, how can this work to our advantage?

In his debate on the terms with Barbara Castle only a few months before, Jenkins had been devastating in the PLP and had received the most remarkable ovation I have ever heard there. But when he came down to debate the referendum the Centre was not persuaded, and had begun its long march away from him. MP after MP, deeply opposed to the referendum concept, raised their hands the other way for the shadow cabinet proposal. A vote for that was a vote 'to show up Jenkins'. It merged with other resentments: that although he alone of the top flight of leaders was born of working-class stock his refusal to exploit this was a kind of wilful rejection of its values; that he was a snob; that he was surrounded by a kind of Reform Club Mafia whose voices when they spoke to you on the phone always suggested that they had the editor of *The Times* waiting imperiously on another line. The historian in him was suspect too. I recollect some local wonder when he came to my constituency and was found to be as interested in why Plimsoll made way for Harcourt in 1880 as in the problems of modern Derby.

In the leadership election these things mattered. So did the fact that for two years he had been boxed in at the Home Office, back where he had been ten years before, but in a more illiberal time. It was not a position from which he could expand in office the themes of *What Matters Now*, with the limited exception of legislation

Garland
NO! NO! NO!
HEALEY OUT! OUT!
CUT DOWN RUNNING DOG HEALEY—HE IS A PAPER TIGER
NO! NO! TO CLASS ENEMY HEALEY'S BUDGET
HEALEY IS THE ROTTEN LACKEY OF OUT-DATED CAPITALISM
DOWN WITH HEALEY AND HIS CRIMINAL COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY CAPITALIST BUDGET

'They're out of their tiny Chinese minds!'

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against discrimination. Reform of the Official Secrets Act has had to wait upon the enactment of the Prevention of Terrorism measures. Without him they would have been worse, but he was not able to act upon their cause at source, as he would have done had Ireland been added to his responsibilities. The new generation of the parliamentary selectorate rarely heard his total command of the House, had never known the effect of it in his chancellorship. They did know that he enraged their activists, had spoken out for Reg Prentice, would not free the Shrewsbury One. A new MP, who was longing to vote for him, told me: 'I could have done it if there had been a glimmer of support for him in the constituency. The resolution-passers all wanted Benn or Foot, and I thought if we had a vote the old ladies at the back who make the tea would swing it for Roy. But they all wanted Jim.' The Labour coalition is all about keeping your lines open both to those who pass the resolution and those who make the tea. But you have to have one of them in your camp. No amount of encomiums from Bernard Levin are worth the vote of a single ward party.

Should Mr Jenkins then face these facts and abandon domestic British politics for Europe? The presidency of the EEC is no mean office. He has it from the lips of President Giscard how much he is wanted there. He has been denied the Foreign Office, and can add little in the Home Office to the reputation he began to build there a decade ago. It is even said that the so-called Jenkinsites can never rediscover themselves in the party until he is gone, that the presidency would have the role of Sir Robert Peel's horse, so to speak, in settling these new alignments. His mind is said to be as good as made up.

I hope it is not. Even though only 56 MPs voted for him, even had only six done so, he is a force in the party and the country as he could never be in Europe. The Labour Party is what it is, not because it is or ever could be a natural party of government, but because it fuses a number of radical, socialist drives for reform. Mr Jenkins represents one, Mr Foot another, Mr Benn nowadays a third. Remove any of them and the party is immeasurably the poorer. Roy Jenkins is one big reason why uncommitted people vote Labour. He honours his commitments, and the country knows that even if it prefers the reassurance of Mr Callaghan to these men of harder edges.

Then, too, it is easier to leave Westminster than to get back. If Mr Jenkins goes to Brussels for two or four years he will hardly find a role in British politics on his return. Yet at 55 he was the second youngest of the six leadership contenders. On his return he would be at the very least four years younger than Mr Callaghan is now, but, out of Westminster, his ties with the Labour Party inevitably weaker as a result of the European role. And what kind of role would it be? The presidency of the Commission is not really an executive office. One day – not in Mr Jenkins's time – it might be. The hassle which the Commission faces, over the CAP, the evisceration of the currency snake, and the failure to agree an energy and resources policy, is likely to make the job of its President an unrewarding one.

But better that, it might be argued, than to soldier on in a British cabinet, while Messrs Healey and Crosland play Box and Cox, and none of the most complex problems of this Government – devolution, Ireland, Rhodesia, or the economy – are yours to deal with. Better that than be the one major figure whom the constituency activists will never forgive. Never is a long time. Four years is not. And it is for four years that Roy Jenkins has paid the price for his resignation. But is it really only that long ago that Mr Callaghan was proposing to abandon London for Washington, and the IMF? Even if Mr Jenkins never gets to Number 10 he will remain for many years a major force within the Labour Party, and the strongest voice on its libertarian wing. And in politics you can never tell. The chances may come. Mr Jenkins would not like to have to reflect in Brussels, like other lost leaders of the Labour Party before him, on the gibe that Disraeli threw at the shade of Peel: his judgment was faultless provided he had not to deal with the future. Inconvenient merit is merit just the same. Perhaps this is one occasion when Mr Jenkins should put party before country.

David Haworth

A Fire Chief for Brussels

When Pierre Lardinois last week announced his intention not to ask for renomination as an EEC commissioner he complained events had conspired to make him 'the fireman rather than the architect' of the Common Agricultural Policy. How much more so will this description fit the tasks of the next European Commission President (Mr Roy Jenkins?) when he takes over at the beginning of 1977. By that time the Community will be blazing fiercely, and the situation will not be helped by large numbers of the eminently combustible Tindemans Report on European union which are lying around the Commission building.

But the commissioners always like to see themselves as architects: it is a piece of imagery left over from those heady days of the first generation of commissioners, men who had helped to draft the Rome Treaty and who really did have something to construct on the basis of a meticulous plan. How inappropriate for many of the present incumbents. Albert Borschette, Carlo Scarascia Mugnozza, Wilhelm Haferkamp – hardly names to conjure with even in their own countries, still less in the whole Community. Each enjoys the illusion of being in charge of a grand design.

In reality half the present Commission are little more than lucky time-servers whose governments have selected them for the pickings of a job here either as the result of some messy political compromise among the domestic parties or, as in Italy's case, there is no major political figure prepared to leave for the 'obscurity' of Brussels. The other commissioners have more or less flourished despite the fact that member governments through the Council of Ministers have done their obstructive worst with many of their plans and policies. If ever a commissioner was entitled to claim in this respect that 'I wuzz robbed' it is, of course, George Thomson, who came to the Commission with a strategy for transferring resources from the richer to poorer areas just in time to be hit by the full force of Germany's first refusal to spend more money in the EEC. Should he leave, as he surely must if Jenkins gets the top job, because the other British nominee will have to be a Conservative, his departure will be regretted. Not the most dynamic of men, he has nonetheless never lost sight of the relationship between EEC policies and the people. He is fond of talking about a 'Community with a human face', and really is convinced that much of the EEC's operations are sterile unless accompanied by what he would call 'concern'.

Soames, too, will be missed for different reasons. The effective veto by Callaghan of his ambition to be Commission President has been a huge disappointment to him, especially as it seemed virtually certain Wilson would have put his name forward. He will shortly find himself involved in that most difficult trick of all, re-entry into national politics, which no commissioner of any nationality has pulled off with complete success. It has been done (by former Commission President Malfatti, for example), but not with distinction, which is hardly surprising in his case as he was a man whose face is difficult enough to recall, still less his words or actions.

Ortoli, the current President, has confided that his ambition is to return to government in Paris. His chances of doing so in the near future are not rated very high. His use to the French while he has been in the Commission fell rather short of their nationalistic expectations. He has proved a genuine 'Community creature'. Indeed, the post imposes itself in this way on any holder, so there should be no false hopes that giving the job to Jenkins will be of special or direct interest to HMG.

The Tindemans Report, echoing sentiments frequently expressed by Chancellor Schmidt, recommended there should be a

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more *political* Commission led by men nominated for their political achievement rather than bureaucratic competence. Fair enough – this is what it used to be before De Gaulle in 1965 ordered his ministers and senior officials to boycott the EEC institutions on the grounds that the Community was trying to take for itself federal powers which would substantially diminish member nations' sovereignty. In the end, it might be recalled, there was the so-called Luxembourg agreement which gave each country the right of veto on any Council of Ministers' decision which might affect its vital interests. The importance of this incident is that the Commission has never had the stomach to risk a similar confrontation with any member government.

Given the lack of calibre of many commissioners nominated since then, this is hardly surprising. It might even be suggested this has been an act of conscious policy by some member governments – anyway, it has had the consequence of shifting power from the Commission to the Council of Ministers and to the Committee of Permanent Representatives (the member country ambassadors) who constitute a kind of kitchen cabinet for the community.

It now seems member governments have tired of their subtle emasculation of the Commission. We need men of stature in the Commission, they cry. It was the only item of substance the government heads were able to agree at the disastrous Luxembourg summit. Moreover, it was accepted that the next President should have a discreet hand in picking his team. There didn't need to be a summit for EEC leaders to discover a piece of common sense like this, one would have thought. But the Community is in such a parlous state at the moment that perhaps, on reflection, they did need a summit to win accord. Who is willing, therefore, to accept the public obscurity of joining this supranational body? Jenkins, who knows his way round the EEC, has probably already got a list of those he would like as colleagues – people (why not a first woman commissioner?) who might be prepared to give up their present careers to adopt one here at a juncture when the EEC's fortunes are at their lowest. It is asking a lot.

The Commission's job specification is nothing less than ensuring the operation and development of the EEC and to see that all the Rome Treaty provisions and measures taken by Community institutions are carried out. It also has its own power of decision and drafts policies for approval by the Council of Ministers. Theoretically these functions are supposed to set the tone of the Community's policy-making, though in practice the Commission rarely achieves this. The current reasons are clear enough. In Bonn a nervous run-up to autumn elections is taking place. In Paris a long, hot political summer is all too obviously possible. In Rome anything could happen – and probably will. In London an EEC 'agnostic' is in charge with a small majority and awesome economic problems on his mind.

While summits raise false expectations, and regular summits even more so, it is clear the last one must have seemed in every way irrelevant to the preoccupations of the larger member countries. European union, even in the anaemic form suggested by Tindemans, was hardly worth the trip, any more than was the direct-elections issue. But it did have an educative purpose. In the past optimists have always taken heart from the belief that, no matter how slowly the EEC moves, at least its modest past achievements could not be taken away. The view was justifiable – but no longer.

Lardinois forcefully warned that even 'green Europe' is in imminent danger of breakdown unless there is greater monetary discipline. By the end of this year, he said, the Common Agricultural Policy could become a dead letter – and, should that happen, what future remains for the EEC's precious little else? It is ironic, considering the UK's poor track record in relation to the Community, that this fundamental challenge will have to be answered by a Briton.

Brussels

Christopher Hitchens

Tight Hold of the Men

When the TUC assembles in early June for a special conference of union executives (or a special Congress) to discuss economic strategy, they will not look or feel a bit like the masters of the economy that the Tories affect to believe they have become. They will be wearing the puzzled look of men who have exchanged power for responsibility. This is a good year for Labour history anniversaries, but few will recall what Margot Asquith wrote to Jimmy Thomas in 1918. After assuring him that he enjoyed the highest regard of the then King for his role as a moderate trade union leader, the great hostess closed with the words 'Be careful of your health and *keep tight hold of your men*'. As he surveys his former stout friends on the general council, and calculates their ability to deliver the membership, Mr Healey's lips are moving in the same sort of silent appeal. Hugh Scanlon, too, might have muttered the same words under his breath as he confronted the malcontents of British Leyland in his second disciplinarian exercise in two weeks.

Politically speaking, the Treasury could hardly have been more tactless. Late last winter, John Hughes of the Trade Union Research Centre in Oxford was telling TUC leaders that a trade-off was being contemplated between wage rises and tax rates. 'Wish they'd bloody tell us' was the reply, and even last week it was clear that so far from framing and dictating the Budget Mr Len Murray had been taken by surprise. And, by that stage, he was also being made aware of discontent in his own ranks. The day before the Budget speech, a policy paper from the Electrical Power Engineers' Association had complained of the TUC being 'unable to cope with the problems of today' and demanded greater devolution from the present carthorse system of decision making. The 30,000 power station managers who make up the EPEA are an excellent example of the small, skilled and indispensable group which makes industrial society so vulnerable. As far as they are concerned, the TUC's general council and committee structure is hopelessly overburdened and under-qualified, with far too little consultation. They find it especially galling that key decisions are very often only transmitted through the newspapers. And that was the exact position in which many trade union executives found themselves after the Budget proposals.

Mr Healey's style, combined with the Treasury's uncertain figures, have made it a near-certainty that many unions either cannot or will not be able to control their membership as he wishes. Over the same weekend as Mr Jack Jones had his second thoughts, the Association of Scientific, Technical and Managerial Staffs (ASTMS) held an executive meeting in which they considered a policy document. It calculated that acceptance of the Healey deal for a man on average earnings and with two children would mean that he was 0.2 per cent better off. At half that rate, he would be 2 per cent better off, but at double it he would be 0.6 per cent better off, so there seems a rather random pattern of egalitarianism. While a single man on average earnings could expect to see his standard of living decline by 1.1 per cent. And, said the document angrily, 'the only thing that is being planned is incomes, otherwise the internal and external markets are being left to work in their own way'.

Certainly, the entire policy depends on export-led growth (since home demand is very obviously going to be less). Yet only two weeks ago the House of Commons Expenditure Committee heaped scorn on the Treasury method of economic forecasting. The figures given the committee implied that exports would have to increase by 10 per cent every year for the next three years, whereas even in the favourable period of 1967-70 the economy never managed more than 8½ per cent. Joel Barnett, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, did not care to defend the figures when the Committee invited him to do so.

A similar blunder seems to have been made on the present set of statistics. Taking the fourth quarter of 1977 as the target, a price benefit of £2 per week is mentioned for those accepting the deal. But Treasury officials are now privately admitting that the real figure would be nearer £1.25. And the estimate of how fast inflation will plateau is the most optimistic one that could be imagined. Given, then, that the promised rates of improvement are marginal enough, the problem becomes a political one of persuading people to be poorer.

The TUC is then being pulled apart by

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two horses. It has gone in deep enough with Mr Healey to be accused of dishonesty if it tries to draw back now. But the only way in which it could really help him would be a monitoring system for pay claims (which would go the same way as the last one did). And in the current climate, when small and medium-size unions are already complaining about the over-cosy relationship between the TUC permanent staff and the Treasury, it would only take one act of defiance to upset the whole collaboration.

Even supporters of the Healey line are worried. John Hughes, for instance, feels that the idea of a rational community choice for lower inflation is a fine one. It is, he says, the baby in the present bathwater. But in this form it is 'just not on'. And the lack of preparation by the Treasury has alienated union opinion almost before the plan is on the launching pad.

The Tories have got it exactly the wrong way around. So far from the Government becoming the prisoner of the unions, if this scheme were accepted then the unions would become the handmaidens of the state. Most union leaders are, of course, perfectly happy with some such arrangement, and with the seats at the top table which it would give them. But how long will it be before a group of municipal manual workers decide that they need a money-wage increase and go out on strike? How long before the miners' union or a section of it flexes muscle to uphold their new high wage level? Congress House is prepared to play its part in assisting the transfer of wealth from wages to profits and some of the officials there even believe that this will lead to investment. But they cannot answer for their members, and this, like all previous incomes policy battles, will be the deciding factor. It will be much harder to convince people that this latest projection is right when all the other projections have turned out, or are turning out, to be wrong. After two years of extraordinary tranquillity on the wages front, the initiative may be passing again to those who believe that it gets better only if you picket.

Alexander Cockburn

The Ethnics of Jimmy Carter

Two bizarre political love affairs have been waxing in America over the past three months or so. Last week one of them was at least temporarily blighted and the other gleamed more brightly than ever before. Jimmy Carter managed to douse the mounting adoration of liberals with his remarks about 'ethnic purity'. Out of the resultant hubbub and confusion it became apparent that Hubert Humphrey was ensconced ever more securely as the 'non-candidate' everyone loves.

Since the turn of the year it has been a matter of on again, off again, and generally on again in the love match between Carter and liberal voters, pundits and power-brokers. At the same time primary results showed that while he enjoyed much support among conservative and middle-of-the-road Democrats the allegedly more liberal Mo Udall was still far from being a spent force. Carter, though, could point to very considerable success among the black voters. The ultimate numerical significance of such support may be moot, but it has been crucial for Carter. Demonstration of black support helped him to woo the white liberals and indeed the more liberal labour union leaders. With the final extinction of Mo Udall in Pennsylvania at the end of this month Carter's game plan was to fortify the allegiance of all these various blocs and move triumphantly forward to the nomination.

Such plans have been cast in doubt by his use of the phrase 'ethnic purity'. Originally he used the term in the course of an interview with the New York *Daily News*. A day later a network television interviewer picked up the phrase and asked him about it in Indianapolis. There he said again that he saw nothing wrong with communities trying 'to maintain their ethnic purity'. He spoke of 'the intrusion of alien groups into neighbourhoods', of 'Black intrusion', of 'diametrically different types of families'. The next day in Pittsburgh he was backing off somewhat, saying that 'I don't stand behind any connotation of ethnic purity'. Finally, last Friday in Philadelphia, he apologised for the 'unfortunate use of the term ethnic purity', and for other unfortunate terms too.

Between Indianapolis and Philadelphia a storm had broken over his head. Black leaders rushed to denounce his position. His most valued black supporter, Congressman Andrew Young, held firm for him but pronounced the affair a 'disaster' for the campaign. And the phrase 'ethnic purity' carried an unwholesome aura inimical not merely to blacks. There were Jews, Italians, Poles and others who felt and expressed queasiness or outspoken revulsion at the undertones of Carter's phraseology. It was the sort of remark, some said, which could have come only from a Protestant of Carter's background. Others simply talked of Nazism. Amid the uproar there were those wagging their heads in admiration at yet another coup by Carter. Could this exceptionally clever politician have used such a phrase by accident? What Carter was specifically opposing was Federal building programmes designed to break open previously segregated neighbourhoods. He, like Mo Udall and Scoop Jackson, still stands by this position. And Carter urbanely added that he would certainly support the right of, for example, a black family to move into a white neighbourhood.

Carter's peculiarly sharp phrase merely dramatised the fact that he at least was prepared to make it plain that a decade of government integrationist policy had proved unfruitful, that the time had come to think again. And all across the country there are millions of families who would tacitly or openly agree with him. Thus, after the fracas and after the handsome apology, it may emerge that Carter has come out ahead of the game.

Even so, it will be at a stiff price. The coalition he was successfully building now looks frail. Labour unions and liberal activists bounding aboard his train have halted virtually in mid air. Momentum has given way to a sort of suspension as potential admirers ponder whether this Southern evangelist, so adept at talking out of all sides of his mouth, is really the man to unite the Democratic Party and lead it to victory. In the caustic phrase of one weekly editorialist here, Carter is still only as strong as his last primary, and the next important primary – in this case Pennsylvania – still remains for him an affair of do, or more or less die.

Frisking about in the wake of Carter's discomfiture is the hero of the blazing love affair mentioned above – namely Hubert Humphrey. He had a wonderful week, cheered to the rafters at the AFL-CIO convention in Pittsburgh and touted in almost every newspaper in the country as, more clearly than ever, the likely winner in a brokered convention. The love liberals now bear for Humphrey is almost as bizarre as their passion for Carter.

Can the 'new' Humphrey be the same man as the voluble supporter of Lyndon Johnson between 1964 and 1968, the man who can be fairly stated as being closer in political philosophy to Henry Kissinger than anyone else in Congress, the man who once sponsored an amendment to the McCarran Act of 1950 to set up concentration camps during wartime (in which subversives would be ensconced), the man who sponsored the Communist Control Act in 1954, outlawing the Communist Party, the man who once even suggested that certain unions be denied the privilege of collective bargaining because of the political beliefs of their members, the man at the dead centre of American foreign policy over the past 20 years?

The answer, needless to say, is 'yes'. After all these years Humphrey still spouts legislative proposals in the Senate, can still get together a full-employment Bill quicker than anyone else in Congress, still speak more convincingly than anyone else about it, and still could get America into another foreign war quicker than anyone else with the possible exception of Scoop Jackson.

But Humphrey, one might also say, is an old Democratic habit which still carries immense appeal. Then, again, one feels that quite suddenly the balloon could burst, that all those delegates could look at him next July and realise abruptly that it would be foolish to allow this particular slice of history yet another chance. And yet who else can they turn to? Their thoughts may yet return to the vendor of 'ethnic purity' and all the perils of the unknown. President Ford, at least, may be taking comfort at the thought.

New York

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George Gale

Solzhenitsyn: The Treason of Clerisy

Alexander Solzhenitsyn's denunciatory jeremiads are remarkable in themselves and also for the response they have elicited. A great number of people have responded to what he has had to say with a kind of joyful or triumphant gloom. They smack their lips with relish as they read his vision of apocalypse. The great hero of the age has turned into its most articulate critic and prophet and has lent the moral authority he acquired through surviving the Gulag Archipelago to a familiar interpretation of 'the decline of the West' – which many intellectuals have always been eager to adopt. To criticise Solzhenitsyn is immediately to be assailed as an appeaser, guilty of treachery or folly or both. Moreover, it is, as it were, morally impolite if not downright wicked to suggest that the great and brave and good man may be uttering a good deal of rubbish. In view of the quality of the thought and knowledge Mr Solzhenitsyn has displayed in his recent pronouncements, some may think that there is much unhealthy in the way that these have bene praised and projected. That he is a considerable novelist and a courageous survivor is not at issue; but neither his talents and experience nor his character should convey any peculiar authority to his views on Britain and the West. The authority of what he has to say should flow from the quality of his observations and reflections; but, instead, he is being treated as some kind of guru by those temperamentally unattracted to the Indian and Californian versions.

'Solzhenitsyn's witness has unique authority because of the suffering he has experienced,' *The Times* characteristically declared, going on to elaborate a thesis and a parallel grotesquely mythopoeic:

> It is a truth of Christian history that great suffering successfully endured can give a spiritual understanding which even the saints of the sunny days do not achieve. People believe that Solzhenitsyn is a true guide to the response that should be made to totalitarian power because he not only survived that power but emerged a better as well as a stronger man than when he went in . . . When we read what Solzhenitsyn has to say, and want to know how far we should believe him, we should not only consider his sense of reality, implacable as that is, but also the underlying hope which has grown from his experience and was indeed essential to enable him to survive his experience. Solzhenitsyn's warning is terrible enough: it is a warning that in Britain and the West we are letting slip from our fingers the values of a civilisation that took a thousand years to build. We suffer from that spiritual apathy which is the death of the soul . . . All that Solzhenitsyn asks of us is that we should have faith in ourselves. That is all he asks, but it still seems to many people to be asking too much.

As a matter of fact, that is very far from being all that he asks. But *The Times*'s summary gives correctly the flavour of the response Solzhenitsyn not only elicits but would seem to seek. There is a considerable danger of a new cult springing up, at a time when many new cults erupt. Most of these novelties have to do with astrology, flying saucers, Indian claptrap, drugs, devil worship, the occult and the like, making an appeal to the ignorant and ill-educated. Opiates of the masses serve their political purposes; and new superstitions sprout like weeds in the fields harrowed clean of old ones. The Solzhenitsyn myth and cult differ, however, from the others that now abound, in that they have been adopted by many intellectuals who are also part of the Establishment. They already possess a respectability which no other fashionably current cult and myth own. The BBC and *The Times*, for instance, accord to Solzhenitsyn's interpretation of history and criticism of Western society a respect which they would not dream of according to flat-earthers, lattter-day adventists, social crediters, moral rearmers, or even to those who switch on the Festival of Light.

It is, therefore, worth while looking at what Solzhenitsyn has been saying, before his words become wrapped up with authoritative inviolability, as if they were some modern ark of the covenant, or sermon on the mount. Naturally, there will be parts of his visionary analysis which are illuminating in themselves; but there will be other parts which illumine himself and his followers more than they do the predicament of the rest of us. We may well conclude, with *The Times*, that 'we ought to judge what he has to say as a religious message'; but if so, then we will be entitled to ask: What kind of religious message is it that we are being provided with?; and: Do we want yet another anyway?; and: Why should we take this latest Revelation with exceptional and solemn seriousness?

So: what is it that Solzhenitsyn is saying? He first declares that 'the West is on the verge of a collapse created by its own hands'. This was the assertion in his first *Panorama* interview, now lately repeated, and in general endorsed by the likes of Bernard Levin. It is not clear what he means by 'the West' nor by its 'collapse'. If, as seems at first glance most probable, he means by the West the countries of Western Europe associated with the United States in Nato, then in what sense is it on the verge of self-inflicted collapse? It may be that the West, in Solzhenitsyn's sense, is threatened with collapse; but if so the threat is external, and issues out of the Soviet Union. If Russia were incompetent and weak, in what sense would the West be threatened with collapse? It might suffer a moral degeneration; but Solzhenitsyn is, apparently, not talking about that, but about a straightforward collapse in Western power: 'Over the last two years terrible things have happened. The West has given up not just four, five or six countries. The West has given up all its world positions.'

It is not, apparently, *moral* positions which have been given up; but countries. It would seem that what Solzhenitsyn has in mind are Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia in South East Asia, Mozambique and Angola in Africa and, possibly, Portugal in Europe. He is talking, that is to say, about the American withdrawal from its positions in the ex-French Indochinese empire, and the end of the Portuguese empire together with internal Portuguese political developments following the end of Salazar. Now these post-colonial convulsions may be unfortunate; but they complete an admittedly untidy process which began with Britain's departure from India 30 years ago, and to say that over the last two years 'terrible things have happened' and the West 'has given up all its world positions' is to betray a staggering ignorance of historical perspective.

There is no doubt that the United States suffered a defeat in Vietnam and that since then the domino theory has been partially proved; but had the United States remained in Vietnam and continued to suffer military reverses there, and had its involvement continued (as it would have done) to cause violent dissension within the United States and to attract little support from America's Nato allies, then the United States would now be in a weaker position than it is. The recognition of defeat, and the withdrawal from South East Asia, left the United States, and hence the West, less weakened than it would otherwise have been: a haemorrhage was stopped, and this is *not* a terrible thing to have happened except for those who like to see the useless spilling of blood.

'The West,' says Solzhenitsyn, 'has given everything away so impetuously and has done so much to strengthen tyranny in our country that today all these questions [of the possibility of Russia advancing slowly along 'an evolutionary path which would offer a way out of that terrible system'] are no longer relevant in the Soviet Union.' It may be that the prospects of a liberal evolution in Russia have faded in the past couple of years, but it is difficult to see in what way Western impetuousness has contributed to this fading; and the prospects surely were always pretty dim. Détente is apparently to blame; but is it in fact the case that total ostracism of the Soviet Union by the West would speed Russia along an evolutionary path away from totalitarianism? It seems most unlikely. There are dangers in détente, particularly if it encourages any false sense of security in the West, but as far as dissent and the possi-

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bility of evolutionary change for the better inside the Soviet Union are concerned, I prefer the testimony of Roy Medvedev speaking from within Russia, to that of Solzhenitsyn outside. Medvedev writes:

> A total isolation of the Soviet Union from the West will not lead to the fall of the Soviet regime that Solzhenitsyn hates so much – but will only strengthen the most reactionary circles, the most reactionary views and institutions in the Soviet Union . . . Should we therefore rekindle the old hostility in the hope that a return to the cold war may help the Russian people to build a more democratic society? Certainly not. Such a course could only result in disaster for everybody.

I will readily concede at this point that there is great force in some of what Solzhenitsyn is saying. If he had confined his argument to considerations of military strength and had developed the sketchy thesis that 'the Soviet Union's economy is on such a war footing that even if it were the unanimous opinion of all the members of the Politburo not to start a war, this would no longer be in their power', it may be that he would have had something very useful and salutary to say. Militarily speaking, it is correct enough to declare that 'nuclear war is not even necessary to the Soviet Union. You can be taken simply with bare hands', although this observation would have had more force had it contained the recognition that nuclear dependence is, and always has been, since the dismantling of the Western armies after the war, a Western and not a Russian necessity. There is much to be said for new Western defence policies designed to remove this dependence and to create an ability to withstand a conventional attack so that it will no longer be easy for the Soviet Union to contemplate taking Western Europe with bare hands. We need to be reminded of Soviet armed strength, and the new power of the Soviet navy. Solzhenitsyn is quite right to poke fun at some of the more fatuous remarks of our Minister of Defence. But he recoils from the logical conclusion that *if* the Soviet Union cannot avoid starting a war and *if* its armed power *vis-à-vis* the West continues to improve and *if* it can take the West with its bare hands, then the West ought now pre-emptively to strike against the Soviet Union with the full force of its nuclear capacity. Is this what Solzhenitsyn advocates?

Russian Roulette?

Georges Suffert, editor of the French magazine *Le Point*, asked him whether he implied that the West ought to risk a world war for the sake of other people's freedom, and he replied: 'I talk of spiritual purpose and you respond with strategy' – quite forgetting that in other contexts and other interviews he has talked much of strategy. He dodged the question, saying: 'My friends and I have no atomic bomb, no tanks, no guns, nothing. But at the very instant when our resignation gave way to determination, at the very moment when we risked death, the huge Soviet machine was held in check.' Maybe; but is Solzhenitsyn saying that the West should play the game of utter brinkmanship? Is Russian roulette what he wants?

If brinkmanship, carried to its ultimate, or a pre-emptive nuclear assault by the West upon the Soviet Union is what he expects of us, he will carry few of those who have applauded his views with him. If he does not advocate war, what does he intend by expressing abhorrence of Bertrand Russell's 'horrible' expression, 'better red than dead', by asserting that 'between good and evil there is an irreconcilable contradiction', by expressing surprise that pragmatic considerations in Britain and the West consistently scorn moral considerations – while, in the same context, declaring that in going to war with Hitler's Germany Britain had chosen the moral course and 'experienced and demonstrated to the world perhaps the most brilliant and heroic period in its history'? If he wants war, he should say so; if he does not, then much of what he has to say is empty rhetoric.

Riddle of the West

And it would be seen to be such, and not treated particularly seriously, were it not for the fact that he is seen to be a man of heroic stature at a time when few other heroes are around. He has come from out of Gulag; he has survived with his courage intact; he has brought with him his testimony of what it is like. He speaks with authority on how it is, exactly, inside the Archipelago. Because of his courage, he speaks also with a moral authority. However, his views on the West would not have been treated so respectfully if those who have applauded him did not want to hear what he has had to say. It is not only his heroic stature and his experience of totalitarianism which have won respect for his views. It is also the nature of the criticism he offers of Western society.

A quarter of a century ago in the labour camps of Kazakhstan, he tells us that 'the West represented for us the light of freedom. For us the West was not only the stronghold of the spirit but also the depository of wisdom'. And Britain had always been 'the core, the very pearl, of the Western world'. He then proceeds to consider what he thinks are riddles, in what is perhaps the central passage of his main thesis:

> One of these riddles is this: how is it that people who have been crushed by the sheer weight of slavery and cast to the bottom of the pit can nevertheless find strength in themselves to rise up and free themselves – first in spirit and then in body, while those who soar unhampered over the peaks of freedom suddenly lose the taste of freedom, lose the will to defend it, and, hopelessly confused and lost, almost begin to crave slavery? Or again – why is it that societies which have been benumbed for half a century by lies they have been forced to swallow, find within themselves a certain lucidity of heart and soul which enables them to see things in their proper, true perspective and to perceive the real meaning of events; whereas societies with access to every kind of information suddenly plunge into lethargy, into a kind of mass blindness, a kind of voluntary self-deception? This is precisely what we found to be the correlation between the spiritual development of the East and that of the West. And, alas, the process of your development is five, if not ten times swifter than ours. This is what almost robs mankind of any hope of averting a global catastrophe.

It seems to me that here Solzhenitsyn is comparing what he thought Britain and the West were like when he observed it from Kazakhstan with what he has found the West to be like since his arrival in it. He then concludes that in the last 30 years or so, and particularly in the last two, the West has degenerated from what he thought it was to what he sees it to be. The trouble with this is that Britain and the West were never like what he thought they were; but this does not prevent him from developing his apocalyptic and cataclysmic historiography, expressed in the language of prophetic myth. He believes that what he has seen since he arrived in the West strengthens his argument:

> And yet until I came to the West myself and spent two years looking around, I could never have imagined to what an extreme degree the West actually *desired* to blind itself to the world situation, to what an extreme degree the West had already become a world without a will, a world gradually petrifying in the face of the danger confronting it, a world oppressed above all by the need to defend its freedom.

Now this is what many people believe, and like to hear. They see erosions of personal freedom in Western societies and they believe there to be infirmity of purpose, in the face of communism and socialism, within Western democratic societies, and when confronted by Soviet imperialism. Now I happen to believe that some such erosions are taking place and that some such infirmity exists. But I do not think that erosions will be halted, or infirmity replaced by courage and prudence, through a misunderstanding of the historical process.

His View of History

Consider an example Solzhenitsyn recommends to us: Professor Kurganov's statistical estimate which Solzhenitsyn paraphrases thus: 'From 1917 to 1959 socialism cost the Soviet Union 110 million lives!' But it was revolution and counter-revolution, dictatorial power wielded with tyrannous ferocity, a terrible war fought against Nazi Germany which were responsible for these deaths, and not socialism as such, as Solzhenitsyn asserts.

Or consider Solzhenitsyn's curious and various ideas of the speed and nature of Western collapse. He tells us: 'Over the last two years terrible things have happened' which prevent hope of evolutionary change in Russia. He also tells us, however, that there was a great exception over the past hundred years or so 'when Britain cast overboard the philosophy of pragmatism, or utilitarianism . . . With Hitler Britain assumed a moral stance'. But that moral stance did not last; for after the war Britain 'treacherously disarmed' Soviet citizens in our custody, 'bound them, and handed them over to the communists to be killed'. This interpretation of history which assumes a sudden moral stance and heroic period towards the end of a century of 'pragmatism or utilitarianism', and which also incorporates the notion of two catastrophic years, bears little relationship to things as they were, or as they are.

Nor does it fit in with other historiographical ideas of Solzhenitsyn, which sug-

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The who's who of what's what.

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gest that in the 50 years of Russian communism societies in the West have suddenly plunged 'into lethargy, into a kind of mass blindness, a kind of voluntary self-deception'. If the rot set in with utilitarianism or pragmatism, did it also set in with the Enlightenment? And, in any case, if the rot is as long-standing as this, when precisely was Britain 'the very pearl' of the Western world, and when, come to that, was the West 'not only the stronghold of the spirit but also the depository of wisdom'? He tells us that 'for some 20 years' – ten years *after* the forced repatriation of prisoners of war to Russia – 'Britain's voice has not been heard in our planet; its character has gone, its freshness has faded'. When was it fresh?

It is true enough, as Solzhenitsyn says, that 'contemporary society in Britain is living on self-deception and illusions both in the world of politics and in the world of ideas', but has there ever been a society which did not live thus, and in which people did not 'build rickety structures to convince themselves that there is no danger'? What we have here is a kind of inverted Utopianism: at some time or other the West, and Britain in particular, achieved something approaching Utopia; but because of a failure of will associated with materialism, utilitarianism, pragmatism and socialism Britain and the West are now on the verge of collapse, unable to adopt a moral stance, incapable of behaving heroically, and with no hope to offer to 'Us, the oppressed peoples of Russia, the oppressed peoples of Eastern Europe' who 'watch with anguish the tragic enfeeblement of Europe'.

What Solzhenitsyn requires of us, apparently, is a religious conversion to be followed by a moral regeneration, combined with a conventional rearming which will enable us to set out upon a crusade of liberation, a holy war directed against all manifestations of socialism. He desires the eradication of pragmatism and utilitarianism. He wants us to assume the posture of a hero. He wishes the West to be in his own image.

But surely the first duty of the West is to survive; and survival was what the last war was about, and not the temporary assumption of moral stance. Solzhenitsyn has himself survived; but he turns his back upon that aspect of his experience, and advocates instead the heroic solution. He wants the West to become his hero, and if necessary this age's sacrificial victim. He is able to adopt this position partly through proposing a grotesque historiography; partly through the assumptions that materialism (or humanism, pragmatism, utilitarianism: he is not particular in his terminology) necessarily yields socialism and that socialism is necessarily tyrannous; and partly through religious faith. And, in the last resort, this is what he leaves us with: a religious tract. It is his religious faith which enables him to desire heroic measures, and it is here that the treason of his clerisy is to be found.

He has forgotten what he wrote in *The Cancer Ward*: 'In the face of death, in the face of the striped panther of death who had already lain down beside him, in the same bed, Vadim, as a man of intellect, had to find a formula for living.' The West, confronted by the Soviet Union, needs to find and keep to a formula for living, and not adopt a formula for dying. This will continue to involve us in all manner of unpleasant compromises. There will continue to be nothing particularly heroic about the way we set about living and surviving. Morally speaking, we will continue to look as shabby as we have always done. But, surviving, we will preserve our essential freedoms, rather than hazard them with heroism. In the West, Solzhenitsyn is free to come and go as he pleases, and to say whatever he wants to say. He is under no threat of arbitrary arrest, and there is no Gulag Archipelago to which he could be consigned. There are many things wrong with Britain and the West, and some of Solzhenitsyn's criticisms are well-founded: but the West is not on the verge of collapse; *it is not a bad place* in which to live; if attacked it will defend itself; and in the meantime its duty is to survive and, by surviving, to preserve its imperfect representative institutions, the process of law and the freedoms of speech and of assembly and from arbitrary arrest.

Corinna Adam

The 'Luck' of Peter Hain

Few (if any) people accused of a fairly minor crime, and acquitted, are asked to write three articles for national papers, find their case the splash in virtually every newspaper, and appear innumerable times on television (in one instance, the BBC's *Tonight* programme last Friday, taking up fully 40 minutes). The coverage of Peter Hain's trial – let alone that of his acquittal on the ludicrous charge of snatching the £490 from Barclays Bank in Putney – was unprecedented.

None of this would have happened if Hain had not been 'Hain', the then self-proclaimed 'public figure'. (Those were the words he used, unwisely, when he was first taken to the police station on Friday 24 October, last year.) To the public at large, he was not at the time perhaps as famous as he thought: certainly none of the prosecution witnesses, all locals, recognised him as the media creation 'Peter Hain'. At the time, that is all he was; but if he ever did entertain delusions of grandeur, they are justified now.

He was – as he has often said – deliberately chosen as spokesman for the Stop the Seventies Tour campaign in 1970 not only for his South African connections, but because he presented such an eminently likeable and respectable public face. So, at the time of the charge, there were two Peter Hains – the private one who worries about his pregnant wife and his PhD thesis for Sussex on Neighbourhood Councils, and the public 'Peter Hain' who, in a particularly unfortunate phrase, after the unnecessary and painful show at the Old Bailey had come to an end, said on BBC-1's nine o'clock news that if this could happen to him, it could happen to 'ordinary people'. That was distasteful, and Hain himself did not repeat it.

It was a 'media' case throughout – right from the very beginning, when the fact that he had been charged was mysteriously leaked to the *Sunday People*, before the identification parade. And even before the identity parade, on the Monday afternoon, the *Evening Standard* carried a picture of him in its midday edition (which is on sale at 10 a.m. and was lying about in Barclay's Bank at lunch-time). Hain may not at the time have been all that famous, but he was very well-known to the police, the press, and the 'authorities'. Why, otherwise, should the police papers have gone to the Director of Public Prosecutions within so few days of his committal? There is, according to lawyers, something known in the jargon as 'sensitivity to fame' (in his summing-up Judge King-Hamilton used the word 'notoriety'). After the acquittal *The Times* wrote that not only would it have been wrong to be swayed by the signs that he was not the kind of man who robs banks, but that 'still less should the fact that he was a political figure with a public name to clear have been allowed to influence the question either way'. But was it not bound to happen, given the amount of coverage the trial itself was allotted, even before the verdict?

Rumours about the trial abounded throughout, and still do – particularly the theory that the South African government security agency BOSS included Hain on their list of people (from Jeremy Thorpe down)

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whom they planned to use to discredit the Liberal Party. They were supposed to have had all manner of devices, such as two-way radios, a battered blue Volkswagen like Hain's and a 'look-alike Hain' on permanent standby. It is a terrifying, but not wholly incredible theory. What is more easily proved – and in that sense perhaps more alarming – is the core of the case, identification procedures as they now stand. There are innumerable parallels, in the cases of people known only to their family and friends – and perhaps to the police, of course. In one recent case, two brothers arrived at an office block to clean the windows. 'A' went upstairs; 'B' stayed on the ground floor and stole the cash box. 'B' was caught red-handed in the street; so much for him. But the Metropolitan Police Solicitor wanted brother 'A' to go on a separate identification parade. Witnesses from the street were called in; one was 'not sure' and two picked out entirely different men. 'A' was charged, none the less. In Hain's case, the only identification was one hesitant lady bank cashier, and the three 12-year-old boys who joined in the chase.

The importance of the last major case (major at least in publicity terms) before the Devlin Committee Report on identification procedures is published, fully justifies the length (five hours) of Judge King-Hamilton's summing up-. But it does not make the summing-up entirely comprehensible to the layman – and not simply because of ignorance about the law. The judge began on Thursday, and dealt with the evidence of Terry McLaren (the 'fourth boy', who refused to go with his friends to the police station) before passing on to other matters. The following Friday morning, in addition to confessing errors on points of law, the judge apologised to the jury for forgetting a great deal of Terry's evidence – for instance, that he had said throughout that Peter Hain looked nothing like the thief, and spent some time in W. H. Smith's confirming his own opinion while his friends were talking to the manager. A few days later Terry saw Hain on TV (again something unlikely to have happened in any other case), told his father, and statements were taken by Hain's solicitors. Later, Terry's father even wrote to the Director of Public Prosecutions because he felt his son was in danger of being bullied.

Certainly, the boys provided the main courtroom drama. Children in the box are irresistible. Mr Lewis Hawser, QC for Hain, reminded the jury of the old adage about film stars refusing to appear with children or animals, because they always steal the show. Mr Michael Corkery, for the prosecution, called it a 'gruelling ordeal' – a phrase Judge King-Hamilton borrowed for his summing-up. But for all one's potential sympathy for the way in which something that began as a game of *Emil and the Detectives* (a book recommended in many comprehensive schools) escalated, one thing was clear. Of the three (Damian, Neil, John) Damian was without question the strongest character. Despite all his inconsistencies, he stuck to his main story about the thief and Hain being the same man, for four hours.

Throughout the trial, I thought I detected a deliberate decision by the defence not to alienate the jury by criticising the police in any way. On some contentious questions they were not even cross-examined – to take one instance, Hain does not remember being twice cautioned on the way to the police station; Mr Lewis Hawser made no use of that uncertainty, among others. Nor was an early defence plan to call the *Sunday People* reporter in evidence followed up. After all, the prosecution evidence was such that it merely needed to be discredited; to do so meant calling as many fairly useless witnesses on Peter Hain's side as the prosecution had called on theirs; and so it all took a full ten days.

In Peter Hain's post-trial publicity marathon, he mentioned the cases of the East Enders George Davis and George Ince, both of whose families still say they were wrongly identified. In the first 'Barn Murder' trial in 1973 Ince was tried by Mr Justice Melford Stevenson and prosecuted by John Leonard QC. (In the second, the jury returned a unanimous verdict of not guilty.) For those who may believe that Hain's acquittal was some proof of British justice being the best in the world, it may be worth recording the remarks made by those two legal gentlemen.

Melford Stevenson: 'It is interesting to see in the papers the great agitation springing up about the acquittal of this young Liberal . . One wonders how many crackpots there are in the world who could have got that sort of publicity . . .'

Leonard: (on identification) 'What about the rapist, the mugger? . . . Are these people to have a complete charter of freedom?'

Of course not. But this was a small suburban crime which got promoted into the realms of lunacy.

WHSMITH

W.H.Smith & Son (Holdings) Limited
Results 1975/76

	1975/76	1974/75
	£'000	£'000
Sales	265,776	217,266
Profit before taxation	11,251	9,266
Taxation	6,440	5,094
Profit for the year	4,811	4,172
Per £1 Ordinary Share:		
Earnings	28.5p	24.7p
Dividends		
Interim paid 26 January 1976	2.81p	2.64p
Final payable 2 July 1976	6.058p	5.67p
Asset value	247.6p	227.3p

Extract from the Chairman's Statement and Directors' Report

Profit before tax is after charging an additional £715,000 (1974/75 £813,000) to fund the increased cost of pensions and crediting £130,000 (1974/75 £129,000), being items previously shown as extraordinary profit.

The year was one in which, in spite of a general business recession and inflation, we produced record profits. It was a successful year in which all aspects of the business played their part and one in which we made new plans and provided resources for further expansion right through the business.

The Retail side fought very hard and successfully for their sales, which increased by 21.0%, kept expenses well under control and produced excellent results which were better than I predicted in my interim report. Christmas sales, despite a very slow start in November, proved above expectations during the last three weeks.

Wholesale sales increased by 24.3%. The Wholesale side is based on one of the fastest and most sophisticated distribution systems in the country and I am glad it has improved its profitability during these difficult days for newspapers and magazines.

Assessing the pressures for social change and recognising and anticipating the economic consequences of such change; and the knowledge that such change comes only through agreement, is one of management's principal tasks today. We are very well aware of this.

We face the future with an extremely strong Balance Sheet and I believe that accelerated expansion of the business should, and can, now take place. In spite of the difficulties this country faces and given that the Government keeps its nerve and word, I think the prospects for the future are very good for staff and shareholders of W.H.Smith.

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Profile: Queen Elizabeth II

Head of Her Profession

'The popularity of the monarchy seems now to have become one of the most stable features of English public life.' So the NEW STATESMAN noted in February 1952, on the death of King George VI, whom it termed 'an excellent, an irreproachable monarch'. Of the new Queen, it added, 'no one speaks anything but good. She is both charming and conscientious.' The NS was irritated by the peremptory order of the Earl Marshal that the entire nation should go into mourning', and outraged by the refusal of palace officials to allow 'reputable journalists' to observe the late King's lying-in-state at Sandringham. It hoped that the Queen 'and her popular consort', both of whom it described as 'capable, energetic and sensibly progressive', would 'seize their opportunity to sweep away the old order at court and substitute a way of life that matches the times they live in'.

Nearly a quarter-century later, with the Queen now entering her fifties, the monarchy still appears a stable feature of our national life: perhaps the only thing that is. Turning over the yellowing records of that cruel February, one is made sharply aware of how much else has changed in the meantime. In 1952, the Tories had just got back to office after the Attlee years; Churchill had made his famous address to Congress, Monty was at Nato HQ, Stalin ruled Russia, Chiang's men were fighting a rearguard action against the Chinese Communists on the Burma frontier. Virtually the whole of Africa was still partitioned among the colonial powers, and the British authorities had just informed the UN that they did not see their way to abolishing flogging in the mandated territories. When the new Elizabethan era began, indeed, the Queen, the first to be designated 'head of the Commonwealth', presided over a British international system which still, to all appearances, carried considerable weight throughout the world. We had 100,000 men in the Suez Canal Zone, and King Farouk of Egypt had recently sacked his nationalist cabinet at Britain's promptings. In Persia, another of our enemies, the lachrymose Dr Mossadeq, had been ousted, and throughout the whole length of the Persian Gulf Britain's military paramountcy was unchallenged. The Arab leaders were our obedient puppets and eager pupils. The great chain of British sea-and-air bases stretched unbroken to their terminus in Hong Kong, and the latest meeting of the Commonwealth finance ministers had given the sterling area 'a new lease of life'.

During Queen Elizabeth's reign, Britain's status as a world power has been forfeited and the colonial empire dismembered. It is hard to find any historical precedent for a national declension so rapid, and following so closely on an apparent victory in global struggle. Nor can we honestly kid ourselves that the process was voluntary. True, it was for the most part bloodless, and for that we can take credit; but its inevitable nature is underlined by the fact that, during the same period, Britain dropped from being the third largest industrial power in the world to the eighth. By any conceivable estimate, Britain's communal performance since 1952 has been inferior, and in most respects lamentably inferior, to those of her competitors, friends and enemies. There is no redeeming feature; and future historians will have little choice but to dismiss this period in our national life as one of unrelieved failure.

For most states in the past, such calamities must have involved a change of regime, or at least of dynasty. It is the peculiar merit of the British system of monarchy that, in the public mind, the crown itself has rarely been identified with the failures of the Government or the nation and thus has avoided the trapdoor through which the Hohenzollerns and the Habsburgs, the Romanovs and the Braganzas passed. As an administrator of this system for 24 years, Queen Elizabeth II can claim a substantial share of the credit: her fiftieth birthday will be, for monarchists throughout the world, and for all lovers of stability, an occasion for genuine rejoicing.

Such criticisms as have, from time to time, been made of her relate exclusively to the marginal aspects of her existence – her dress-sense, her voice, her ferocious small dogs – and testify merely to the poverty of the material which can be amassed against her personally. On the credit side, there can be little disagreement

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that she is conscientious to a fault, exemplary in her public and private behaviour, frugal by royal standards, sensible and open-minded in her relations with politicians, and thoroughly professional in all the multifarious aspects of her job. Never once, it is claimed, has she allowed any personal feelings of pique, resentment, bad temper, prejudice or selfishness to influence her public dealings. Among Britain's admirers abroad there is a rueful inclination to regard her as our last remaining asset, and this is deserved, in the sense that she has seldom, if ever, occasioned any of her subjects the smallest embarrassment, or departed even slightly from the highest code of probity and decorum.

Broader Appeal

In one sense the Queen has definitely strengthened the broad national appeal of the throne. When she first came to it, the NEW STATESMAN noted that 'British Tories and opponents of equality everywhere' were 'justified in always reckoning that the influence of the Court is on their side'. This was clearly true in the sense that George VI, to say nothing of his predecessors, invariably inclined in a conservative direction, no matter how rare and discreet his political interventions might be. Palace bias was a political fact with which Labour cabinets had to reckon: it was already public knowledge in 1952 that it was King George's personal insistence which had prevented Dr Dalton from becoming Foreign Secretary in 1945, and there were other examples. Under Queen Elizabeth II, it is fair to say that the party inclination of Buckingham Palace has finally been corrected, and that the Queen – in so far as it is possible for a woman brought up as an ultra-privileged member of society, and whose natural inclinations are to prefer the friendship of landowners and aristocrats – has always played fair with Labour. The feeling rather (in Conservative circles anyway) is that she has become altogether too susceptible to Harold Wilson's performance as the poor man's Disraeli, and that it is high time she escaped from his tutelage. But the truth is she is now too experienced and wary a campaigner to be taken in by Mr Wilson or anyone else, and that Mr Callaghan, though no neophite at dispensing charm, will find her friendly, objective, sympathetic, absolutely correct – and nothing more.

Of course she has made errors of judgment. The only one of any importance was her decision to accept Mr Harold Macmillan's self-appointed role as the sole channel of advice to the crown on the choice of his successor. The procedure her magisterial Prime Minister devised produced not his own favourite, Lord Hailsham, but his second choice, Lord Home. Had the Queen directed her own investigations, she would surely have called upon Mr R. A. Butler. The NEW STATESMAN criticised the Queen at the time ('Was the Palace to Blame?' 24 January 1964), and we see no reason to revise our judgment. As we suspected, the effect on the Conservative Party was to produce an irresistible demand for an elective system of choosing a leader; and thus the last important formal element of the royal prerogative disappeared. To what extent the Queen's action, or rather lack of action, changed the course of modern British history is arguable. But a Butler premiership would almost certainly have cost Labour its slender victory in the 1964 election; that, at least, is the firm opinion of one interested observer, none other than Harold Wilson.

As a representative public figure, the Queen has done her best, like all of us, to accommodate herself to bewildering changes in moral, social and intellectual fashions. When she came to the throne, Britain, for instance, was just about to have its first performance of *Wozzeck*, the latest shocking novel was Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory*, the talk in the art world was of Graham Sutherland's avant-garde portrait of Lord Beaverbrook, on view at the Tate. Since then we have lived through a complete, and at times harrowing, revolution in attitudes to education and sex, to crime and punishment, to race and violence, and to the whole structure of the family. The Queen has responded cautiously, but she has responded. She has avoided the grotesque attempts of her unfortunate younger sister to travel with the trend, while at the same time she has refused to take refuge in traditional obscurantism, which might have been understandable in the circumstances. So far as is consistent with her dignity – and that is not, thank God, very far – the Queen keeps up with the times.

Royal Pay Claims

What she cannot keep up with, along with everyone else, is inflation, which threatens not so much the royal living standard, as that of the monstrous regiment of Old Etonians and liveried flunkies who infest the Monarch's habitation. So far the Queen has shown no inclination 'to sweep away the old order at court', though the Duke of Edinburgh has tidied up the financial edges. Her last brush with the taxpayer, when her salary was doubled in 1971, left some sour feelings. By failing to make a distinction between public commitments to maintaining the Head of State and the Queen's private fortune – a change the NEW STATESMAN strongly urged – it postponed a permanent solution. Hence inflation will eventually force the Queen to ask for more yet again, like everyone else; and next time the public response to her claim is certain to be hostile.

In an age when differentials have been almost suspended in favour of flat-rate protection for the poorest paid, any royal pay claim, no matter how modest, is bound to seem preposterously ambitious. Some, notably the Tories, would like to separate the royal finances from those of the rest of the nation and determine them by a uniquely privileged set of rules. The Queen doesn't want this. The alternative is to shut some of the palaces, and reduce the scale and quality of royal representation. The Queen herself would not object, but the flunkies oppose it on the grounds that the people want to keep things as they are. Who knows? The people have never been asked. Certainly, some kind of basic decision will have to be taken in the next year or two.

Looking towards the future, the Queen doubtless feels the confidence of a quarter-century survived without mishap. She has produced an heir of whom again, it can be said, 'no one speaks anything but good'; a young man in his position is exposed to almost unique temptations, and it says a good deal for his mother's example, and his own education and character, that he has so far kept out of trouble. But the Queen is well aware that a modern constitutional monarchy can afford to make only one major mistake – the second is invariably fatal – and hence she discountenances any talk about a possible abdication in Prince Charles's favour. This is doubly sensible. The Prince will make a more risk-free monarch if he comes to the throne only after reaching an age of full discretion, and in the fullness of time; while a premature abdication would deprive the country of the Queen's unrivalled experience and undoubted aptitude for her job.

Dwindling Monarchies

The Queen, indeed, can now fairly claim the title 'Head of Her Profession'. That in fact is how she is recognised among its dwindling ranks. Since she came to the throne, the wretched Farouk has gone, and the pathetic Feisal of Iraq; so has the shifty Constantine of Greece. Gone, too, are Idris, the paranoid King of Libya, Bao Dai, the last and oleaginous Emperor of Indo-China, and Haile Selassie, the toothless 'Lion of Judah'. Even the band of royal pretenders has scattered, for Estoril is no longer safe for them. True, Carlos of Spain has defied the rule that 'they never come back'; but there is an overwhelming probability that the Bourbon restoration will be nasty, brutish and short, and one, in the end, unlikely to bestow credit on the institution of monarchy. Nearer home, none of the Scandinavian monarchies looks particularly healthy – the Swedish king is already, in theory at least, lined up for abolition – thus proving that in an egalitarian age riding bicyles is not enough to ensure survival. From this, the Queen, who has never stooped to such ignoble devices, can derive some satisfaction. What must cause her apprehension, however is the plight of the royal Dutch, who now seem poised on the brink of fearful scandal and total eclipse.

Queen Elizabeth has not been without her family sorrows and difficulties. Her own marriage has become correct rather than enthusiastic. But she has so far ensured that no breath of financial scandal has come near her circle, and she rightly resents the damage which the errant Dutch may inflict on the reputation of constitutional monarchy everywhere. All in all, the Queen has not been lucky in her co-professionals, and there must be times when she wishes she reigned in solitary splendour, the last of her breed. Perhaps we shall live to see the day: it is by no means impossible.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

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Jeremy Bugler

The Left and the Environment

Mr Anthony Crosland is one of those few ministers who need a distinct intellectual justification for whatever he is doing. Being the sort of man he is, he usually provides it himself, and a Fabian tract, *A Social Democratic Britain*, published in early 1971, contains the justification for his just-ended career as Environment Secretary. It's a sophisticated credo, but one phrase, both flip and blunt, was drawn out of it by many on the Left and ever since has been regularly deployed against environmentalists and their concerns.

This phrase, delivered with a negligent flick of the Crosland wrist, wrote off argument against economic growth as the right and proper engine-room of society, concluding that what has being seen was an attempt by the affluent 'to kick the ladder down behind them'. Since then, it is almost a reflex on the Left to impute ladder-kicking to those who qualify the propriety of economic growth. In most quarters of the Labour Party the thought has remained firmly entrenched that the environment concern, which welled up in the early 1970s, was largely a matter of self-interest in so far as it called for a drastic change in the growth-economic system. In many Labour clubs and constituency parties, the typical environmentalist is seen as a person who wants to keep the caravans of the proletariat off the coastline, and, if it comes down to it, puts wild life (Brent geese) before jobs (Maplin airport).

Labour in power gives every appearance of taking political decisions on the basis that environmentalists are opposed to the interests of the working man. The Japanese want their nuclear waste reprocessed at Windscale? This will entail unprecedented risks in transhipping radio-active oxide fuel? But it will also provide jobs and the local Labour MP is in favour? Sign the contract.

Labour has treated the few voices raised against the wisdom of the break-neck exploitation of North Sea oil as coming from people who want – if not to kick the ladder down behind them – at least to pull the rug from under the country's economic recovery. And in Washington Gerald Kaufman gave more away than he may have realised when he denigrated 'environmentalists' who objected to Concorde, as though that group and Labour supporters could not be coextensive.

In the short run Labour may well be right in sensing where its supporters' interests lie; how would our foreign creditors behave if we did treat the oil under the North Sea as the non-renewable resource it actually is? Central bankers know little and care less about Britain's ecology, and it's quite unreal to expect Labour politicians to ignore them. What I shall argue is that Labour in particular and the Left in general are the poorer for virtually ignoring environmental politics and issues, for they are fields where the socialist, with his belief in planning and the control of private interests in the public good, is at an enormous advantage over liberals and conservatives. Here socialists around the world are missing out.

Today, the orthodoxy is that environment has no friends in any of the political systems. As Margaret Mead was saying in *New Scientist* last month: 'Capitalism, communism and socialism are all as bad in protecting the environment.' Most research workers in the environment field might agree with her; to an extraordinary extent, environmental issues remain unpoliticised. Politicians of all hues favour a clean atmosphere rather as they support Family Life; they oppose pollution as they condemn crime. The political reputation of Mr Peter Walker today rests heavily on his achievements in office as Environment Secretary, achievements of which he so boasted in a speech the other day that Lady Kennet was moved to slap him around the chops. (Lord Kennet was a junior environment minister before Walker).

Peter Walker's reputation as a good Environment Secretary rests on his vigour in pursuing anti-pollution controls, an adroit way with PR, especially at the UN Environment Conference in Stockholm in 1972, and perhaps lastly on the fact that he did not tarry over-long in the job. Yet the political philosophy he brought to the job was quite unsuitable for any Environment Minister worth his subscription to the *Ecologist*. As a Conservative, he relied on 'the invisible hand' of the market, which can put a price on a raw material very different from its value; he had to expect that the capitalist drives to protect markets and sources of supply were compatible with good environmental management; he had to hope that the private corporation, in pursuit of private accumulation, would behave in a way that could be controlled to protect the environment. These are great expectations.

How great is shown by looking at an oil company, as Colin Stoneman, a chemist, has done in his contribution to *Socialism and the Environment* (Spokesman Books), the only publication I know on this subject. For an oil company, oil is of interest only in so far as it produces profits: 'Foreseeing ultimate exhaustion gives it no incentive to conserve oil, but rather to increase the rate of production (before a competitor pre-empts it) and to use the resulting profits to buy into uranium and coal.' No serious environmentalist can condone the way private companies are given the run of non-renewable resources; few serious conservatives can oppose it.

But such is Labour's uneasiness in environmental affairs that it has failed to mark out any clear differences between its environment policies and those of the Tories. In 1974, Labour published its own green paper *The Politics of Environment*, a document that betrayed Lord Kennet's fine prose style and listed 17 suggestions for action. Only one of these points would have looked out of place in a Conservative Political Centre document, and in Labour's two 1974 election manifestos there was no pledge that, with a little tactful rephrasing, would not have slipped easily into Mr Heath's manifestos.

Labour and the Left's unease on environment issues is partly a matter of intellectual tradition; it is as implicit in Marxism as it is explicit in the Old Testament that the earth is a heap of raw materials created for man's especial enjoyment. Dr E. F. Schumacher has pointed out that Marx's labour theory of value makes the 'devasting error' of treating as valuable only things we have made ourselves. This tradition gets its force from the practical circumstances that socialist revolutionaries find themselves in when taking power: faced with a need literally to rebuild the society. In this context, ecologists wittering about dwindling resources are an irrelevance. Certainly, the Chinese appear to have interpreted the West's anxiety about the environment as a decadent society's loss of nerve. In February Peking affirmed that world resources of energy are 'infinite' and that in addition to the existing reserves 'new energy sources will be discovered to serve the people'.

The Left's environmental stance is hopelessly entwined with its view of the value of economic growth, for which both Western Left and Eastern Left are equally enthusiastic. For the local Left, once again it was Anthony Crosland who put the case for growth with the greatest clarity, though he has been supported by economists like Wilfred Beckerman and John Vaizey (who echoed the Chinese by writing in the *Evening Standard* last month that 'we can take it' there are no limits to economic growth, thus bearing out Kenneth Boulding's dictum that the only people who think economic growth can go on for ever are madmen and economists). I do not suggest that it is practical politics for Labour at the next election to announce that it has abandoned economic growth, at least as a target in view of what the Treasury serves us. But I do argue that the Labour leadership's rigid views about growth will prevent it from adapting intelligently to the trials of the future, and further, that a stable socialist society is to be preferred to a go-for-growth inegalitarian society that can't last, even if that society is momentarily wealthier.

Crosland exemplified this rigidity. Between *A Social Democratic Britain* (Fabian tract, 1971) and *Social Democracy in Europe* (Fabian tract, 1975) Crosland's views on the

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value of growth were quite unchanged. His tone, indeed, in the later pamphlet had a little about it of the weary tutorial . . . 'Now didn't I make it clear the last time?' His confidence was unshaken, even by the energy crisis. This confidence is now a barrier to serious thought in the Labour Party on environment issues.

Some time this spring, the unalarmist American thinker Robert L. Heilbroner publishes *Business Civilisation in Decline*. In it he argues that Western business corporations will be moving into a period in which their profits will be squeezed and Western industrial society as we know it significantly changed to a decentralised structure much closer to the Chinese model. Heilbroner should not be shrugged off: there is no good reason why Western man should be immune from the forces that brought down much less destructive civilisations in the past.

Pro-Technology

Yet many on the Left will have no time for Heilbroner at all. Their reason lies not in their politics but in their attitude to technology. There is a technological optimism about that transcends politics, and it has got a strong hold in the Parliamentary Labour Party, where its spokesman perhaps is Jeremy Bray. His Fabian tract *Politics of the Environment* is very nearly a prose-poem in praise of technology:

> The application of materials with exotic properties like super-conducting alloys, silicon carbide and carbon fibres, of processes like ion implementation and chemical machining, of the computer-aided optimisation of design to use unfamiliar properties of new materials, and many laboratory curiosities could have orders of magnitude effects on materials' efficiencies.

But the environmentalist, while welcoming any technological progress that will, say, extract more energy from a ton of coal in a power station, realises something else: many of the worst problems are not results of technological cock-ups but of technological successes. Professor Barry Commoner, in his book the *Closing Circle*, demonstrated that in the United States since the war products born of low-impact technology had been replaced by high-impact products (that is, cotton and wool replaced by synthetic fibres, railroad freight by truck freight etc.) Margaret Mead may say that technology is neutral, but the evidence is against her. In practice, technology is wielded by the forces of the status quo. In Britain under Labour, this technological drive shows itself in deals like the British Nuclear Fuels affair. We do not know how much it will cost to build the two new plants to process the fuel from Japan; we are not allowed to look at the accounts of British Nuclear Fuels; we are not even sure that we will have the technological know-how to process the stuff, and the whole deal may prove to be another ghastly pit for public funds. And it is clear there are fearful risks in transporting plutonium about the world. Yet Mr Benn approves the deal. *There* is technology responding to social needs for you.

The Left needs also to make up its mind about another central prop to Crosland's view: 'socialists for growth.' He argues now and in the past that only by economic growth will Britain generate the wealth to clear up the squalor, the poor housing and the industrial detritus of yesteryear: 'The greater part of the environmental problem stems not from present or future growth but from past growth. It is largely a backlog problem.' It isn't. The very processes of future growth cause environmental decay: the new factories, the new pollutants, the huge disturbances to the earth needed for new raw materials. Some of these changes are irreversible, and will not be capable of being cleared up by some 21st-century Tony Crosland. It may be that Labour has no choice but to go for a growth economy dovetailing with our European neighbours, but at least we shouldn't deceive ourselves, as we do so, that we're going to clear up the environment as we go along.

But any Labour MP with a good fraction of his constituents in poor housing will be sympathetic to Crosland's argument that he could never find the huge sums to rebuild the slums out of a near-static GNP. (Certainly no one could with a government, like this one, that would want to go on building through-deck cruisers and multi-role combat aircraft.) What radical environmentalists hope for, perhaps, is a change of heart by Labour that would at least allow it to think out the implications of socialism in a stable state society.

Third World's Share

At the moment, one small Left group is thinking broadly in this direction: the Socialist Environment and Resources Association. So far it has attracted attention in the national press mainly through trying to rough up Gerald Kaufman over Concorde. But its literature makes a point that all pro-growth socialists have the greatest difficulty in meeting. It asks: if Britain and the developed nations are to continue developing apace, where will be the wherewithal for the Third World's development? It demands: if economic growth is necessary for a just and equal society in Britain, what does that growth do to the balance of wealth and poverty in the world?

In truth, what too many want is socialism in one continent. If Europe attains the rate of economic growth that its social democrats want, there simply won't be the raw materials available for the Third World to reach the same or almost the same level.

To raise all the world's population of 3,600 million up to the consumption standards of the United States in 1970, it has been calculated that 30,000 million tons of iron, more than 500 million tons of copper and lead, more than 300 million tons of zinc, about 50 million tons of tin and many other huge quantities of other materials would have to be mined. These are staggering figures – 75 times as much iron as is now extracted annually, 100 times as much copper, 200 times as much lead, 75 times as much zinc and 250 times as much tin. As for energy, in 1975 Americans *wasted* more fuel than was used by two-thirds of the world's people.

If socialism is a creed without frontiers, the pro-growth socialist in Britain is in a serious position. His dilemma is precisely that which George Orwell probed in the London Letter he wrote for *Partisan Review* in the autumn of 1945:

> The British people have never been warned, i.e. by the Left, that the introduction of socialism may mean a serious drop in the standard of living. Nearly all left-wingers, from Labourites to Trotskyists, would regard it as political suicide to say such a thing. Yet in my opinion it is probably true, at least in the case of a country like Britain, which lives partly by exploiting the coloured peoples. To continue exploiting them is incompatible with the spirit of socialism, while to stop doing so would entail a difficult reconstruction period during which our own standard of living might fall catastrophically. In one form and another this problem comes up again and again and, except for the minority who have travelled outside Europe, I have never met an English socialist who would face it.

Is there an English socialist today who will explain where the raw materials for, say, India's development to European standards are to be found? While all the time Europeans are yet further increasing their living standards, largely through exploiting raw materials bought from the Third World? Most socialists and social democrats in Britain either ignore the dilemma or recite what the American scientist Denis Hayes terms 'the cornucopia catechism'. Basically, this states that if man's material need is pressing enough, then man's ingenuity and creativity will provide.

It is obviously a bit of an article of faith; many orthodox economists chant the catechism interminably, especially reciting

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the belief that nuclear power will take over with barely a hiccup as the fossil fuels dwindle. For my part, I have never met an orthodox economist who has serious doubts about the efficiency or the safety of nuclear power; he can't afford to.

His touching faith, though, is an object lesson to those on the Left who are worried about the growth economy's shakiness. There has got to be some dynamic remaining in the stable-state societies that will replace the growth societies. Indeed, most of the nations of the world, poor and very undeveloped, will need substantial economic growth for many decades to come. The tension at United Nations conferences like Stockholm in 1972, and the conference starting in Vancouver in June, did and will exist because many Third World nations suspect that the rich nations may actually attempt to hold back the development of the poorer societies, all in the cause of a clean environment.

What is lacking is thought and debate about how a stable-state society in, say, Europe could be organised. Too often such a society sounds as if it would be petrified, in terms of both material prosperity and social class, and very properly no one on the Left will work for *that*. It is a problem. Dr Schumacher, building his new world in *Small is Beautiful*, makes a powerful case by showing that much of our economic achievement today is nothing more than the high-living habits of a spendthrift who lives off his capital. Western societies, says Schumacher, are living heavily off the capital of the world – its raw material resources – and their economic status is not a thing of wonder.

But when Schumacher gets round to drawing the outlines of the sustainable societies of the future, he finds himself embracing ideas of hierarchy and even religion. Many on the Left will not be able to go with him. What is needed, though, is for the Left to abandon its glib notions that environmental politics are a middle-class racket and, indeed, the other over-simplification that environmental decay is simply the wages of capitalism. The distinction has best been put by Professor Barry Commoner: a declining environment is a necessary relation of capitalism but a contingent relation of socialism.

In Commoner's view, only a thoroughgoing socialist society is likely to have the apparatus to control private companies and a set of beliefs to replace the Western ideal of incessant material accumulation. I happen to believe Commoner is right, but I'd settle, at least in the short term, for Left thinkers to start bending their minds to the problems he poses. At the moment, on these most crucial issues, the Left is opting out.

Roger Woddis

That Ye Be Not Judged

(After W.S. Gilbert)

'One wonders how many crackpots there are in the world who could have got that sort of publicity.' – Mr Justice Melford Stevenson, 10 April.

When I, good friends, received a call
To address the Police Federation,
I thought of the things that would please
them all
And cause a minor sensation.
I pondered and taxed my tiny brain,
Which is known for its eccentricity,
And came up at last with Peter Hain,
Who had cornered so much publicity.

I adopted a controversial stance,
And aware the response would be stormy,
I took a deep breath and leapt at the chance
Of applause from the fuzz before me.
I spoke of the case and the DPP,
And the fuss that surrounds the acquittal,
For when it's a question of idiocy
The crackpots can teach me little.

I knew my judicial boats were burned,
But the prospect didn't alarm me,
For as far as the public is concerned,
They expect a judge to be barmy.
I sit as the law's custodian,
And a very wise owl you'll find me:
I may very well pass as a rational man
On the bench, with the Crown behind me!

Oliver Walston

Farmer's Glory

Discriminating members of the public who appreciate silence in a noisy world are savouring a moment which they will recount to disbelieving grandchildren in decades to come. The British farmer has recently been so busy taking advantage of the superb weather of the past six months that he has had neither the time nor the inclination to complain. Even the NFU, whose skill at making mountains (usually beef) out of molehills could teach Clive Jenkins a thing or two, is at a temporary loss for words. Rarely has the short-term future for agriculture looked so hopeful, even if the long-term problems of capital taxation, the tied cottage and tenancy succession remain to worry the farmer.

The livestock men of the west have discovered that, contrary to all predictions made last year, milk production did not decline last winter. The supposed hay and straw shortages did not materialise, albeit thanks only to the export from East Anglia of vast quantities of straw and a mild autumn in which grass grew faster than at any time during the summer. Mastitis, the dairy industry's most serious disease, is gradually declining and even the feared increase in the price of concentrates was less than had been predicted. For the *céréalistes* of the east the weather has been even kinder. Conditions last autumn were so good that the acreage of winter wheat, the most profitable cereal crop, was a record 2.8 million acres, 1.2 million acres more than in the previous year and 4½ per cent larger than the previous record for the harvest year 1973-74. A brief period of frost during this winter was enough to break down the clods of ploughed land into a fine tilth and the recent dry spell has enabled even the farmers on the heavy clay soils to finish their spring drilling earlier than ever before.

Sugar beet growers, after two of the worst years ever known because of drought and disease, have been attracted by a price of over £19 per ton which should give them a return of at least £220 per acre. Although some growers have given up beet completely after their recent experiences, the British Sugar Corporation are confident that this year's crop of 510,000 acres (slightly up on last year) will produce enough to fulfil the UK's basic EEC white sugar quota of 1,040,000 tons. Conditions for planting have been ideal and most growers are well ahead of schedule. Potato planting is equally advanced and, even though a 350-per-cent increase in seed cost over last year has frightened off some of the less successful growers, there should be no danger of the price falling anywhere near the guarantee of £40 per ton.

Beef and pig producers, who last year faced bankruptcy, are today considering the relative merits of Majorca and Tenerife for their holidays. Both commodities are approaching their cyclical peaks, which should last at least until the end of the year. Sheep numbers continue to fall slowly and while the outlook for both meat and wool is not very exciting there should at least be modest profits to be made.

The only two sectors of the industry which have reason to be gloomy are poultry and horticulture. The chicken and egg producers (neither came first) have been in a trough for a year and the increased price of foodstuffs, exacerbated by the Community's clumsy attempt to reduce the powdered milk surplus, has not made them optimistic. The horticulturists, who received nothing in the recent price review except a vague promise of increased capital grants, are in particularly bad shape. Hit by increased heating costs, appalling storm damage to the greenhouses and the recent spell of dry weather, they must now be doubting whether it is worth spending a lot of money duplicating climatic conditions which occur naturally in other parts of the Common Market.

But normality, which in farming is usually synonymous with despair, will return any day now. Already the dry weather is becoming a curse rather than a blessing. After this brief and welcome respite we shall once again be hearing a lot about such wondrous problems as Glume Blotch (an aptly named disease affecting wheat), Sheep Scab, Swine Vesicular Disease, Aphids, Blight and that most talked-about agricultural ailment of all which is usually defined as What-the - hell - do - those - people - in - Brussels - think - they're - doing - anyway? So hurry. Take a farmer out to tea quickly. You will find him quite human, but this may not last for long.

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Diary of a Deadbeat

☐ To be called a deadbeat by Mr Heath is really something rather special, if not awe-inspiring, and led me to look the term up in the *OED*. There it is defined, in clock-making terms, as 'a beat or stroke which stops dead without recoil, and colloquially as 'a worthless, sponging idler'. I imagine that it is the latter usage Mr Heath had in mind. He also described me as being, among other things, bored. I should not have said I was especially subject to this particular malady but, in so far as I am, I do remember that it was sensibly alleviated when Mr Heath ceased to be Prime Minister. The occasion of his thus admonishing me – along with Claud Cockburn, an old friend – was, while in New York, seeing, or feeling bound to comment upon, a CBS television programme, *The Second Battle of Britain*, in which I was interviewed by the commentator, Morley Safer. As it happens, I haven't myself seen the programme, which was screened in an edited version in the *Money Programme* on BBC-2, but I remember the interview quite well. The point I made was that our present troubles are due, not to an energy crisis, or inflation, or strikes, nothing like that, but to our having lost our spiritual and moral bearings. What I said was, in fact, very much in the vein of Solzhenitsyn, though far less cogently and powerfully expressed. Maybe Mr Heath regards Solzhenitsyn as a deadbeat. If so, I'd be proud to be bracketed with him by the skipper of *Morning Cloud*. Mr Heath went on to say he could easily 'go round with a camera chap' and make a programme discrediting the US as *The Second Battle of Britain* did the UK. What is more, it would only take a fortnight's filming, and only run for half-an-hour. I wish one of the American networks would take him up on this. The result might be quite interesting, not to say amusing.

☐ Professional politicians have to be cheerful and optimistic, like salesmen and Anglican clergymen, which is one of the reasons they make so much havoc. They offer a prospectus for a housing estate on the slopes of Mount Etna, and then point the finger of scorn at anyone criticising its fraudulence and potential dangers; especially when the criticism is directed to the eyes and ears of foreigners. Thus, in the years leading up to 1939, to say that another war was becoming inevitable whose consequences, however it turned out, would be even more ruinous than the 1914-18 one, was to be accused of spreading alarm and despondency. How much more sensible the early Christians were to concentrate their thoughts on a looming Apocalypse! The Fall of Man has proved an infinitely more creative proposition than the Ascent of Man.

☐ Working on the third volume of my memoirs, I have been trying to reconstruct the scene in Washington DC in the years just after the 1939-45 war when I worked there as a newspaper correspondent. It is so relatively short a time ago, and yet seems now so infinitely remote. Truman had lately succeeded Roosevelt, and was still seen as a rather ridiculous and pitiable figure compared with the great FDR; the US, in terms of wealth, power and influence, had a greater superiority over the rest of a battered world than, I should suppose, any nation had ever enjoyed, at least in modern times. Everyone who wanted anything – money, support, military aid – came to Washington. Keynes was there negotiating a British loan, and basking in the glory of being the great saviour of capitalism – the answer of the Free World (as we still ventured to call it) to Marx. It really did look as though, for good or ill, the 20th century was to be America's.

☐ And now, only some three decades later, the whole scene has dissolved, like a television picture in a power cut. The Free World has shrunk to a little frightened group of Western European countries united in a phantom EEC and defended by an even more illusory Nato fretting about flanks it has not got and lines of communication that do not communicate, but still looking wistfully and surreptitiously, but not hopefully, across the Atlantic. The American presidency has been scuppered by the media knights-errant, who, cap-à-pie, have valiantly launched assault after assault against their own side. American arms are discredited, and American policies, propounded in Dr Kissinger's sepulchral accents, sound uncommonly like Lear's: 'I shall do such things, what they are yet I know not . . .' Even the CIA has been reduced to absurdity and futility. How well I remember the first echelons of its predecessor, the OSS, arriving at the portals of our Secret Service, then in its wartime disguise as MI-6, timidly asking to be let in and learn the business; for all the world like girls from a select finishing school applying for admission to the Folies Bergère.

☐ Looking over old articles, letters and scribbled notes, I find I was always preoccupied with the sense of impermanence and unreality this American Goliath gave me. Nothing seemed solid or durable; everyone was made up and in drag. In a NEW STATESMAN piece I described driving across America from Washington to Los Angeles, and how at night on the motorways one passed through place after place – Athens, Moscow, Baghdad, Antioch – indistinguishable one from the other, and all signalised by neon signs shining in the darkness: FOOD, DRUGS, GAS, BEAUTY, the four plastic pillars of a plastic world. The American Century duly came, but proved a non-event.

☐ The emergence of Michael Foot as a major political figure is, I suppose, for many people an unexpected development. He has for so long been a voice crying in the wilderness; a sort of latter-day version of James Maxton, who was also famous in his day for eloquence, sincerity and charm, but who never got anywhere near the seat of power. In politics the alternatives are to be liked or to succeed, and Foot seemed inexorably typecast in the former category. Even in the days when I used to see him from time to time, invariably with pleasure, I realised he was more politically ambitious than might have been supposed. Well, now he finds himself second-in-command in a Government that seems indestructible – to use Winston Churchill's famous description of Ramsay MacDonald, a veritable boneless wonder. His ranting style of oratory, so different from his conversation, which was always amusing, tolerant, kindly, civilised, irresistibly recalls the old ILP at the top of its bent, as Mrs Thatcher's does the Primrose League at the top of its bent. In the twilight of our parliamentary democracy there is a tendency to revert to old models; like giving *Little Women* one more run as a BBC Book at Bedtime.

☐ In terms of Fearful Symmetry (one of the many illuminations we owe to Blake) it is appropriate enough that Foot, with his passionate love for *Areopagitica*, Swift and Hazlitt, should be responsible for vesting the NUJ with closed-shop powers. FS, properly applied, reveals the inner, or true, shape of things, in contradistinction to SS (Scientific Symmetry), which reveals their outward, or false, shape. A favourite example of mine is the Collingwood Gee painting of D. H. Lawrence reading *Lady Chatterley's Lover* aloud to Reggie Turner, Norman Douglas and Pino Orioli, three of Europe's leading homosexuals. Another, the initial intention to market thalidomide as soma, the drug in *Brave New World* designed to keep everyone happy. FS can even provide the possibility of do-it-yourself prophecy. At least it enabled me to envisage, long before the Nazi-Soviet Pact, the forthcoming partnership between Hitler and Stalin.

Malcolm Muggeridge

This England

Prizes: £1.50 book token for first entry, £1 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ For a man of God, the Bishop of St Albans, the Rt Rev Robert Runcie, is remarkably down-to-earth. Especially about his purple robes – he hates them, though his wife thinks they're sexy. He often says he lives in mortal fear of being in a car accident while on the way to an engagement. He said: 'If I'm knocked unconscious people will think I'm a transvestite.' – *Luton Evening Post* (T. Hopkins)

☐ Mr Nicholas Fairbairn MP has started wearing an old grey smock in the House of Commons – so that the leather chairs don't make his elegant suits shiny. 'I know I look like a bloody ironmonger in this, but I don't want my suits to glitter like the others,' said Mr Fairbairn, Tory member for Kinross and West Perthshire. – *Glasgow Herald* (Judith Abrahams)

☐ Bomb disposal men were called and two lanes of the motorway were closed for four hours. But the parcel contained only girlie magazines. A police spokesman said yesterday: 'They have been taken away and we're looking into them.' – *News of the World* (Geoffrey O'Brien)

☐ Churchmen gave a warning yesterday that Southampton faced the wrath of God for allowing 1,500 homosexuals to use its Guildhall for a conference. – *Guardian* (R. A. Hunter)

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Anne Bennett

Kid's Choice

Bemused by social worker in teenage vice case who really believed her 15-year-old hooker would respond to 'the relationship I was building up', I wrote reports stating she was 'making progress' – words so beloved of the British Association of Social Workers. So I wasn't really feeling myself when I told this woman what I thought of the way she was treating her children. Whereupon she demanded to speak to someone in authority over me or she would consult her solicitor. So I nipped into Matt's office and said: 'Matt, for God's sake come and be someone in authority, will you? or I'll be for it.'

Later he came into the office and said he'd told her he would speak to me seriously. So okay, that's what he was doing, speaking to me seriously. So I said 'I love you, baby', and gave him a hug and went and had coffee. And then there was this plummy-voiced woman saying she was very worried about her aunt, and something must be done about her or the old woman would

(a) die of hypothermia through the inability to light a fire, or
(b) die a somewhat hotter death by virtue of falling into same fire, if it did get lit, or
(c) die through becoming blind drunk and falling downstairs and breaking her neck.

'Christ, Arthur,' I said, 'you know there is nothing we can do about her.' And he said: 'Oh go on, love, and have another look at it.' So I shot out to the village where old Mrs Potter lives in near squalor in the middle of a trendy row of cottages, causing great concern to her neighbours, friends and relatives.

I picked my way through the kitchen and found Mrs Potter in the living room, half in and half out of her chair, which was dangerously close to the remnants of the fire, and I said to her 'You're up early,' and she said 'M'dear, I didn't go to bed, spent the night here, it was warmer.' So I sat on the edge of her settee instead of flopping back in my usual way, because even to a slob like me it looked a bit flea-ridden. But Mrs Potter is a bright old soul and I have a soft spot for her. 'Look here,' I told her, 'everyone is very worried about you, you are going to fall in the fire or something and . . .'

'Good heavens, m'dear, don't you look on the black side of things. I'm 89 and nothing awful has happened to me yet, and I don't suppose it will, so why don't you leave well alone?' 'Lord, she's right,' I thought, 'you're only parroting what other people are saying. You're as fatalistic as she is, really.' 'All right then, take your chance,' I told her, though I did also quote:

> Milly, wearing one of her bright new sashes,
> Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes.
> Now whenever the room grows chilly
> We haven't the heart to poke poor Milly.

'Get on with you,' she said. 'At least get a fire-guard,' I pleaded. 'They're no good,' she said, 'keep half the heat out.' 'Your niece would like you to . . .' 'I'm not budging,' she said, 'I'm not budging from here so long as Charlie is alive. He couldn't adapt to a new place at his age.' And I looked at Charlie, who was the cleanest thing in the room, lying contentedly, purring away on a dirty old pile of newspapers, safe and happy within his little cat life. I thought – no, I wouldn't move Charlie either, so I said 'Goodbye then', and she said: 'Goodbye m'dear, look in when you're passing. Glad to see you.'

I went back to the office and there was a note saying 'Urgent visit needed, child on At Risk register'. So I went out quickly and banged on the door. An enormous woman appeared with a cigarette stuck in the corner of her mouth, which waggled up and down all the time she spoke. 'Yes?' said she. 'Oh hello,' I said, 'I'm from Social Services.' She seemed quite friendly: 'We had someone from your place visit us a while back. Expect you know her – a Mrs Handkerchief,' she said. 'Mrs Handkerchief,' I said, 'that's an odd name, isn't it?' and I puzzled on a bit. 'You don't mean Hanky, do you?' 'Ah, that's it,' she said, 'is she to do with you?' 'No she's to do with education,' I told her.

I wheedled my way in and there were several women and lots of kids around. It looked all right on the surface of things, but they were 'known', having come into our area only recently, and Donna, who was only seven, seemed to have more than her fair share of cuts and bruises. 'You know all this talk about battering children,' I said to her mother. 'Well, you wouldn't like it said about you if it isn't true, would you? So I want to find out the facts, and if it's accidental you have nothing to fear, do you?' 'Right,' she said. 'Then how did Donna come by her black eye yesterday?' I asked.

'Oh, they were fighting like kids do, you know,' she said, 'and our Debby poked her one.' 'Donna and Mandy were fighting over the doll's pram, and the handle got in her eye,' said Debby when questioned. 'Donna always wants things when it's not her turn,' Debby said smugly to her mother. Sneaky little kid, I thought. 'She's not like the others,' said her mother, 'just like her father – real cussed – you couldn't live with him. Bill now, he's not like that. Marvellous, he is. Treats all the kids just like his own. Course he's a bit hard on Donna, 'cos she plays him up so. You've got to master her, he says.' 'Where is Donna?' I queried. 'She's been sent to bed. She swore at Bill something awful.'

I shut the kitchen door on the noise of the women, and the children's shouting, and the TV going, and went into the silent bedroom where Donna lay with her eyes tightly shut in a bed that looked as if it was never made. Reports spoke of Donna as bright and chatty, but try as I might she wouldn't speak to me. Speak, blast you, I thought. Then I got a ten-penny piece and said: 'Donna, if you will talk to me I will give you this.' And, oh a lovely sight, she opened her eyes and stretched out her hand. 'Now first you tell me who hit you in the eye,' I said. 'It was our Debby, she pushed me and I fell on the pram,' she muttered. We talked a bit more and I asked her how she got on with Bill.

'I don't like him much,' she said solemnly, 'he's always on at me.' I said: 'Does he go on at you for nothing, or when you have been naughty?' 'Well it's mainly when I'm naughty, but he often blames me when it's others who have done it.' I checked if she had any bruises, which she didn't, and eventually I said: 'Donna, I know this is hard for you because you are not very old, but I want you to trust me and tell me the truth, and I will tell you the truth as well. And I will try and help you. Okay?' And she nodded her head. 'Now you can choose. I know that you love your Mum and your Gran and want to stay with them. You can do that but, if you do, you have to put up with living with Bill as well, though you don't like him. *Or* I could arrange for you to go to a boarding-school or go and live somewhere else for a while. It would be a nice place and you wouldn't have Bill on at you all the time, but on the other hand you wouldn't have Mum or your Gran there.'

There was a long silence.

She whispered: 'Couldn't I take Mum with me?' 'No,' I told her, 'you can't do that. Your Mum – she wants to stay with Bill, and there are the other children as well, and Bill is their Dad.' It was like talking to a grown-up. Finally she said calmly: 'I'll stay here.' I gave her the 10p and she lay down again. 'I'll be seeing you,' I said. Back at the office I wrote it up: 'Keep in close touch.'

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Poles Apart

'Prayed for help and got up earlier'. This, which should perhaps be the wholesome daily practice of all of us, was the prudent step taken by Queen Victoria ('I felt bewildered') on the day in 1863 when she travelled from Balmoral to Aberdeen to unveil a statue ('Oh! It was too painful, too dreadful!') of the fairly recently dead Prince Albert. The reluctant widow, wallowing in her grief, confided all, as usual, to her diary, selected portions of which were later published by wily Smith, Elder & Co. and made available to the public in a hardback called *More Leaves from the Journal of A Life in the Highlands*, a follow-on volume to *Our Life in the Highlands*, which had prominently featured the Prince Consort, then alive and kicking. Both books sold extremely well. Hot cakes weren't in it, but one wonders what chance the authoress would have stood had she been an unknown writer sub-

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mitting her manuscript to a publisher for judgment. How might the publisher's reader's report have gone?

> This garrulous effusion, peppered with exclamation marks, is remarkable only for its egocentricity and has little to recommend it. The account of the opening of the Aberdeen water works lacks bite ('It was very pretty to see the water rushing up'), likewise the visits to a slate quarry and the Ben Nevis Distillery. For the rest, in between the numerous anniversaries of deaths ('No joy! All dead!'), it is the usual stuff and traffic of life in Hoot Toot Land with its annoyances ('The midges are dreadful!'), its breakfasts ('Such splended cream and butter!'), its heather ('So beautifully pink!'), its disappointments ('No pudding! No fun!'), and its moments of generosity and largesse ('I gave Brown an oxidised silver biscuit-box and Beatrice an enamelled photograph of our dear Mausoleum').

Who can doubt that the amateur royal scribblings would have been promptly turned down? Recently in these pages I said that Mr Priestley had never acted professionally and I was kindly corrected by a correspondent. He did once appear, it seems, in a play of his own in London. But this merely underlines his strictly amateur status. The gulf between the amateur and the professional is as unbridgeable as the Atlantic ocean. There are few activities more depressing to watch than the spectacle of high-spirited and well-meaning amateur actors letting off steam in, say a Noël Coward comedy. The clothes, the intonations, the timing, the faces – all, all is wrong. It is a wince a minute. They, of course, are having the whale of a time and it is sad but true that if an actor, or orator, or preacher, or after-dinner speaker is enjoying himself, nobody else is.

The amateur writer reveals himself as speedily as anybody. Some years ago, I was lucky enough to find a pleasant literary niche, reading television plays for H. M. Tennent, who at that time were providing a fortnightly dramatic offering for ITV. For five years I read on an average 30 plays a week, unsolicited plays sent in on spec by hopeful writers. If my mathematics are not too rusty, that means that I read about 8,000 plays (it seemed more). Of these endless plays, only five were any good and they, it turned out, were from professional writers. One soon learnt the danger signs: 'To the right of the cocktail cabinet. . . ': 'To the left of the french windows . . .': *'Cynthia drops him a mock curtsey*. Thank you, kind sir.' Some of the aspirants had mugged up technical jargon from handbooks ('Camera pans and favours Ethel'). My heart bled for them and I turned them down, by letter, as kindly as I knew how, but we were in a hard, competitive, commercial world and their work was just no good. Where, then, did the plays come from? Chiefly from commissioned work from professional TV dramatists. What, then, makes a TV dramatist? Talent and patience and talent and industry and talent and knack and a good bit of luck.

Among the hopefuls there were, of course, a number of charming eccentrics, particularly a delightful gentleman called Harry H. Wimbley. Harry H. Wimbley always wrote on elaborately printed writing paper which bore a large heading saying HARRY H. WIMBLEY PLAY PRODUCTIONS LTD: PRESIDENT – HARRY H. WIMBLEY. The letter then began 'Dear Mr Marshall, I have pleasure in forwarding the latest comedy by Harry H. Wimbley'. Then the signature was printed, Harry H. Wimbley and over it Harry H. Wimbley had signed his name, Harry H. Wimbley. And right at the bottom of the page there was an additional line which went 'Agent for Harry H. Wimbley, Harry H. Wimbley. All inquiries to Harry H. Wimbley'. But, you see, it worked, as relentless advertising always does. Even after all this time I remember him still.

It is always fascinating to see a real professional at work, no matter what his trade. A few years ago Devon friends of mine, a couple called Packman, were motoring to Wales and, stopping en route at a pub for a drink and a sandwich, got into conversation with a stranger, 35, trim, neat, smartly dressed, but, in the Edwardian phrase, 'difficult to *place*'. Would they, he wondered, very kindly give him a lift? He was trying to get to Chepstow races. Oh, er, well, all right. He wanted to be there in time for the first race, ('That's when all the money is about'). Oh, of course, a bookie, or a bookie's tout, or whatever.

Off they set, The bookie, looking anxiously at his watch, kept urging Mr Packman to drive faster, which he reluctantly did. Too fast, in fact, for in a built-up area a police car pursued and stopped them. Everybody got out, the police sergeant took down all particulars in a note-book and booked them for speeding.

Off they went again, the Packmans fuming and the bookie quite silent. At Chepstow racecourse they stopped and the bookie got out. Mr Packman became angry: 'You might at least apologise. It's all your fault that I shall now be fined and have my licence endorsed.' The bookie smiled: 'Oh no you won't, unless that sergeant has a remarkable memory, which I doubt.' From a pocket he produced the sergeant's note-book, flipped it through with a little laugh and tossed it over his shoulder into a deep ditch. He strolled towards the entrance and turned. 'I expect you wonder what I am. I'm a pickpocket. Goodbye, and thanks for the lift.' He passed swiftly through the gates and was lost in the crowd.

A sudden thought came to the Packmans. Mr Packman felt for his wallet: Mrs Packman's hand flew to her diamond clip. No, everything was still there. One good turn deserves another.

Letters to the Editor

Miracle Cures

Sir, Thomas M. Parker (NS 9 April) continues his defence of the Fagan miracle cure with a series of increasingly specious arguments. He asks: 'Is it rational or scientific to rest one's case upon the gratuitous supposition that there *is* a natural explanation, even though the doctors cannot find one?' No; but I think it is more rational and scientific to make the working hypothesis that there is a natural explanation for spontaneous remission from cancer, even if scientists have not yet discovered it, than to make the gratuitous supposition that religious doctrine is right in this case when it has been proved wrong in so many cases from the origin of the universe and the evolution of life down to the sources of morality and the text of scripture.

He says: 'The scientific course would be to study the evidence on its merits without any presuppositions.' Yes; but we cannot study evidence without any presuppositions at all, and I think it is a bigger one that Fagan's recovery was caused by a miracle than that it was not. He says: 'Christian belief asserts that no saint is dead . . . but on the contrary more alive and active, if one may put it that way, than he was on earth.' Yes; but after studying the evidence on its merits without any presuppositions I think it is probable that John Ogilvie has been dead in every way ever since he was hanged three and a half centuries ago.

He says that, even if 'miracle cures' are not strictly speaking supernatural, they 'would be at least praeternatural, since they are rare occurrences and unexpected'. No; for the same could be said not just of rare and unexpected recoveries but of rare and unexpected deaths, of dreams and madness and plagues and famines and droughts and floods and thunderstorms and earthquakes and eclipses – and indeed of all those phenomena which were once thought to have supernatural causes until the natural explanations were found by rational and scientific investigation rather than by religious and sophistical assertion. He disputes my quotation from Hume with a quotation from Aquinas; but I was not making an 'appeal to authority', simply quoting the most elegant expression of the balance of probability in considering the validity of miracles, or any other alleged supernatural (or praeternatural) events. No doubt scientific knowledge has changed during the past two or three centuries, but it has done so by following the methods of Newton and Hume, not of Aquinas and Ogilvie.

He says that the 'only way . . . of proving a universal negative' would be 'to examine the evidence for each alleged miraculous cure and destroy its credibility'. No; there is no way of proving any negative, and there is no need. It is up to the believer to prove not a universal positive but a single case of supernatural intervention in natural affairs. He says that the 'one hard fact in the Fagan case is that it took place in an atmosphere of fervent prayer'; what he must show is first why we should believe that prayer had an indirect effect through John Ogilvie rather than a direct effect on John Fagan, and then how this bears on the relation of human beings with an alleged divine being. He says that 'the mathematical chances against pure coincidence are . . . astronomical in magnitude'. Yes; but the number of people suffering from cancer who pray from recovery and do not recover must also be astronomical in magnitude. It is true that Fagan recovered from cancer after prayer, but millions of people recover from cancer without prayer. What does that prove?

Even if Thomas M. Parker can prove a miracle cure, as an Anglican scholar and a priest of the Church of England for more than 40 years he is then faced with the terrible problem posed by Gerald Samuel (NS 9 April). If God can save one person from cancer, what about all those people who are not saved?

NICOLAS WALTER
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Sir, To answer fully Gerald Samuel's letter (NS 9 April) would require more space than you could possibly allow nothing less than a treatise. I must therefore make a few brief points. He seeks to impale me upon the old dilemma: either God cannot prevent evil and is therefore not omnipotent, or He will not and is therefore not good. My answer is that in so far as evil and suffering result from human error or sin God could not prevent them without taking away human free will and making us automata. In so far as they seem to come from the nature of the universe, I would ascribe them to the rebellion of angelic spirits whom God may well have used as secondary agents in creation and whose free will He equally respects. Not all Christian theologians would agree with me, I know, but I have always thought other explanations brought forward in the voluminous treatment of the problem of evil not ultimately adequate. I assure Mr Samuel that Christian theology has not neglected the problems he poses and for the rest must refer him to some of the literature I have mentioned, e.g. to Martin D'Arcy's *The Pain of This World and the Providence of God.*

Incidentally Jesus did not *introduce* mankind to the idea of eternal punishment; it was already there in the Jewish doctrine of Gehenna, and other religions have not dissimilar ideas. But Hell is another consequence of human free will. If a man finally sets himself against good he condemns himself to that eternal isolation from the source of good which is Hell. One hopes few do, but the possibility remains.

Finally, is he who rejects the 'God hypothesis' in any better case than the believer when it comes to the problem of evil? Either he must, contrary to our deepest instincts, dismiss evil as an illusion, or face its existence in a universe, which then seems irrational, merely with the Stoic acceptance recommended by Bertrand Russell in his famous essay, *The Religion of a Freeman.* To the Christian the ultimate source of hope is his faith that God the Son took human nature precisely in order that He might share human suffering and so ultimately redeem mankind. Suffering, as experience shows, is not invariably detrimental to the sufferer and in some cases brings out valuable qualities which benefit him and mankind in general, martydom being the classic example. Occasional miraculous relief from it, when God sees fit, is to the Christian merely a sign that ultimately God is more powerful than the evil He for the present allows.

THOMAS M. PARKER

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The Media and Carter's Message

Sir, Your correspondents (NS 2 April), Stephen Locke and Hugh Thompson, are too eager to condemn Alexander Cockburn and to embrace Jimmy Carter's cause. They make a valid point in countering some of the more extreme accusations that have been levelled at Carter; but they jump too readily to the opposite conclusion, and claim with approval that he is the 'clearly expressed' choice of the electorate. As yet, he neither is nor should be.

It is true that Carter has now won six out of eight primaries. But that achievement is not as formidable as it sounds. In three of them, Vermont, Illinois, and North Carolina, his only major competition was George Wallace or Sargent Shriver; and although his success in turning the tide against Wallace in the South should not be underestimated, it is not on its own the stuff of which nominations are made. In New Hampshire and Florida, with massive infusions of money and organisation, he won against partial fields of contenders. And in Wisconsin last week, after an avalanche of free and laudatory media publicity as the 'front-runner', he squeezed just ahead of Udall in a photo-finish. In the other two primaries, in Massachusetts and New York – large, important, industrial states – with his two major rivals, Jackson and Udall, campaigning hard, he came a bad fourth, behind both of them. It is too early yet to claim that the electorate has chosen him.

The American press most certainly *has* chosen him, however. Since the New Hampshire result, Carter has been talked about, analysed, wondered at, and frequently praised, by almost every newspaper, magazine, and television station in the country. Such coverage for one candidate is unprecedented. Even the *Washington Post* carries two or three Carter articles daily; other candidates would be lucky to receive that much in a week. In such an atmosphere, it is hardly surprising that Carter has 'momentum'. The electorate may, however, remain sceptical.

As a candidate, he is and remains an enigma, and a disturbing one. Few people seem to know precisely what he is or where he stands. It is generally agreed that he is slightly to the Right of the Democratic Party, but he draws votes from both conservatives and liberals, from blacks and anti-blacks, from inner cities and rural farms. The secret is that his campaign emphasises personality above all else, an appeal for trust in Jimmy Carter, not on this or that issue, but because he's a loving and caring person. He has a messianic belief in his own success and destiny. It's a powerful style, full of soft Southern charm, and has a tremendous potential for good within it; it also carries tremendous dangers. A good president does need more than style. And the last president to have a messianic belief in his own destiny was Richard Nixon.

Jimmy Carter is a profoundly disturbing candidate, not only because he is an unknown and ambiguous quantity, but because the style could lead in many, and dangerous, directions. Alexander Cockburn's analysis may well have been too prejudicial, as your correspondents argued. But his conclusions, and his doubts, may well have been right.

CHRIS SMITH
J. F. Kennedy Scholar 1975-6
Perkins Hall 29
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Lady Plowden Defended

Sir, I have read with growing disbelief and impatience your profile of Lady Plowden (NS 2 April). It seems to me that a distorted portrait was painted either from malice or from ignorance. Anyway it was unjust and in my view untrue. I am not certain of the motive but I am certain that Lady Plowden is worthy of a better portrait.

I would, through your columns, like to emphasise the educational contribution she has made for many years in the life of the children in Whitechapel. She has been the chairman of governors of a secondary school of which I have been the deputy head, for the past eight years. It was mainly due to her efforts that this multi-racial, multi-religious school, in a changing urban area, has not been closed down. Far from being a rubber-stamping chairman of governors, Lady Plowden has often actively intervened in promoting high educational standards and a sense of values. She has helped to bring the community and the school closer together.

It is a testimony to Lady Plowden's kindness, warmth and concern that she often meets the children and staff of the school both formally and informally. Our children like and respond to her as though she were 'one of us'. Despite all her other commitments, Lady Plowden is always available for consultation with every member of staff. Indeed she has encouraged staff and pupils to talk to her informally at all times. At least she listens courteously and with good humour. Nothing is too trivial for her. Her presence is reassuring.

In order that your readers are not misled into thinking that I am exhibiting a kind of sycophancy, I must add that I have not found myself in complete agreement with Lady Plowden all the time. But I feel that a person of Lady Plowden's capacity for kindness and warmth and service to the community should not be misrepresented.

M. MITRA
Robert Montefiore Secondary School
Vallance Road
Whitechapel E1

. . . Down to the Sea in Ships

Sir, Those wishing to assess Mr Bolton's midriff pragmatism (Letters 9 April) might consider the following questions.

Should 40 per cent of the manpower employed on British foreign going ships receive low pay simply because of a now redundant imperialist connection?

Should our balance of payments earnings be subsidised by the low wages paid to Third World seafarers employed by British shipowners?

Should shipping possess a right denied to every other British industry i.e., the right to the massive wage subsidy which the employment of low-wage Asians represents?

Finally, should our Parliament be virtually the only one in the conventionally accepted democratic world which endorses wage discrimination on effectively racialist grounds?

No prizes for 'yes' answers. Dissenters: tell Roy Jenkins, please.

J. SLATER
General Secretary
National Union of Seamen
Maritime House
London SW4

Festival of Islam

Sir, I am sure that many of your readers would wish to protest over your decision to publish the cartoon in last week's NEW STATESMAN related to the World of Islam Festival. It is wholly contrary to the message of Islam as shown in the Holy Koran; it is offensive to Muslims and insulting to Jews.

In recent months a number of Arab states, where Islam is the official religion, have taken initiatives to assist Jews to return to their native Arab homelands. Iraq and Morocco have passed new legislation to support their call, while the Sudanese and Libyan Presidents have placed on record their hopes that Jews would recognise their governments' willingness to assist with repatriation.

In the Lebanon it was the Palestine Liberation Organisation which ordered its forces to provide armed protection for the Jewish community in Beirut during the recent civil war; Yasser Arafat, the PLO chairman, who ordered his commandos to break through the Phalangist areas to take food and drink to the beleaguered Jews trapped in a Beirut synagogue.

The World of Islam Festival reflects a renaissance in the Islamic world which is a consequence of the emerging political and economic importance of the Muslim oil-producing states. It is regrettable that this is not better understood in the West. History has shown that when Islam is in the ascent, tolerance becomes an important characteristic of Muslim society. This is well reflected in the mood of the Islamic world today. Whether we discuss attitudes towards Jews or financial aid to the poor and developing nations, it is possible to recognise that fundamental principles of Islam are emerging once again.

The World of Islam Festival offers a unique

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opportunity for British people, including the Jews, to study and understand not only the rich artistic heritage of Islam, but also the philosophy of a religion which is unique in providing a social and economic moral code for society. If Islam is to be the subject of criticism it must be hoped that it will be on a more intellectual level than displayed by your cartoonist, and based less on Western prejudice and mythology which surrounds European attitudes towards Islam.

AZIZ YAFI
Editor, Free Palestine
PO Box 492
London SW19

Sir, I was appalled by Colin Wheeler's offensive 'Festival of Islam' cartoon (NS 9 April) which, besides displaying an unpleasant racialism and lack of taste, demonstrated the abysmal ignorance of the cartoonist.

Judaism has always been held in the greatest respect by Muslims and the Jewish prophets are revered by Islam. To suggest, therefore, that Islam discriminates against all Jews because of the dispute of the Arab countries with the Zionist State of Israel (in any event, a number of Islamic countries are non-Arab) is unfair and misleading. In fact, it is a well-documented truth that there was comparatively little discrimination against Jews in Arab countries before the advent of Zionism.

Fortunately, however, although your cartoonist seems to be unable to differentiate betweeen Jews and Zionists, the vast majority of Arabs are not so uninformed. Thus, although I am of Jewish parentage, the fact that I am known to be opposed to Zionism has led to my being welcomed and treated with the utmost kindness and hospitality in various Arab countries, especially those in a state of confrontation with Israel; and, indeed, among my closest friends are a number of Palestinians and other Arabs.

MARION WOOLFSON
35 Camden Mews
London NW1

Student 'Representatives'

Sir, It may be that Charles Clarke enjoys the support of not only a majority of NUS conference delegates but also of students at large in the country. But Peter Wilby (NS 9 April) is not entitled to assume the one follows from the other. For at the moment many universities and colleges elect their delegates at open meetings where a tiny proportion of the student body is able to choose their representative (hardly an appropriate title in the circumstances). Southampton and Cambridge are among the exceptions and at the latter delegates are elected by means of a poll in which about 45 per cent of the student body votes (whereas only 2 per cent attends the open meeetings). The moral is clear.

It is high time that all the NUS delegates were elected democratically and that the unedifying spectacle of small conclaves of hacks annually dispatching their cronies to seaside conventions was stopped. Otherwise the minor rumble of three disaffiliated universities (Aston, St Andrews and Glasgow) might turn into a roar able to penetrate even Charles Clarke's executive splendour.

PETER BAZALGETTE
Fitzwilliam College
Cambridge

Words and Meanings

Sir, As Mr S. C. Job is the latest to point out (Letters 2 April), the *OED*'s article on 'disinterested' does indeed give chronological priority to the sense of 'uninterested' over that of 'unprejudiced', but it is a slender one, resting on the shaky foundation of a single use. Still, perhaps I did go a little far in calling the 'unprejudiced' sense the 'original' one, though so to distinguish a sense entrenched for 300 years from one that is, in our day, an unnecessary innovation doesn't strike me as seriously misleading.

Mr Job's need to be offensive (evidently pressing, given the impersonal, above-party nature of the subject) betrays him once or twice into infelicity. My 'pick-'em-up-there prescriptivism', he says, 'rewrites linguistic history to accord with the whim of its sergeant-major'. I think I see, but the sergeant-majors known to Mr Job must be far from typical: the ones I came across were, on such prescriptive matters as the difference between left and right, unwhimsical almost to a fault. Again, he says that my 'use of "original" needs to be glossed as "referring to a time when I was young"'. This is at best inaccurate: I realise that, to Mr Job, I must seem to have been around for a provocatively long time, but surely not since the middle of the 17th century.

I will reply to other correspondents in a forthcoming article.

KINGSLEY AMIS
Lemmons
Hadley Common
Barnet, Hertfordshire

Professional Protest

Sir, Really now, while your Readers' Questionnaire Report (NS 9 April) is jolly interesting journalism, as market research it's about as valid as the *Daily Express* labour leadership 'survey' which showed Roy Jenkins was the popular choice . . . of over 12,000 *Express* readers . . . with 8½p for the stamp . . . who had a postcard to send in . . . who were sufficiently moved to respond . . . etc.

Your lead said that over a 10-per-cent return . . . 'on any market research standards is an excellent response'. Rubbish. On a sales letter maybe, but any market research study of serious intent that receives less than a 50-per-cent response rate is regarded with grave suspicion indeed, and properly conducted polls normally get a response of over 70-per-cent of those sampled. A journalist you are, a statistician you're not.

ROBERT M. WORCESTER
Market & Opinion Research International
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British Hospital for Vietnam

Sir, The screening on BBC-2 of *Hearts and Minds* and, to a lesser extent, *Limbo*, has brought back the forgotten horrors of Vietnam. In *Hearts and Minds* there was no need for an observer to point out the myths surrounding American involvement in the war; those who had been involved condemned themselves, with such statements as 'life is cheap in the Orient'. For nearly 30 years we in Britain became accustomed to sit back and decide there was little we could do about a war which was to shower upon a mainly rural people a weight of bombs exceeding the total dropped on Britain, Germany and Japan during World War II. Now there is something we can do to help in the reconstruction of a country that has suffered almost total destruction.

The Vietnamese authorities have already agreed design plans for a 200-bed hospital to be subscribed for by the British public, and a site has been allocated at Ky Ann, near the 17th parallel. Fund-raising committees have been set up in a number of British cities, and various national organisations ranging from churches to trade unions are helping by circulating information about the project. It is hoped there will be a Scottish ward and a Welsh ward, a West Midlands ward etc. It might appear too late, now that the war has ended, to be thinking about war relief for Vietnam, but it is not too late for the 30,000 children made deaf by the bombing, or the thousands of amputees, or those suffering from liver diseases caused by the toxic defoliant sprays.

Hearts and Minds was about American involvement in the Vietnam war. Let us not forget that this country too had a part in denying independence to Vietnam over 30 years ago, and that now we have a chance to help in the reconstruction of a country that has finally found peace.

KENNETH TOUT
General Secretary
British Hospital for Vietnam
St Mary of the Angels
Moorhouse Road, W2

St Paul's Fields

Sir, Eight people responsible for teaching the young at Hammersmith and West London College have committed themselves to a ridiculous letter about St Paul's Field (NS 9 April) before examining the facts.

The allegations that there have been efforts to prevent these persons from meeting the 165 local teachers who argued for open space in a letter to Mr Crosland (RIP) is scandalous. Even more absurd is the charge that the teachers did not see the letter even though it was sent in their names. Incredible! The teachers actually signed that letter!

Their outlook is selfish. The benefit of St Paul's Fields as an open space is timeless. These people are concerned only with their comforts during their short stay at college, not, as we are, with the improvement of the environment for a far longer time.

GILLIAN ISLIP
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1 Gliddon Road, W14

No Offence Taken

Sir, I notice that Crucifer (NS 9 April) refers to me as 'the most litigious press man at Number 10 in modern times'. Well, yes, I suppose so . . . So far as I can trace, my immediate predecessors issued no writs; I have a sixth share in one, the only one I have ever been associated with in my life.

It is, however, a classic example of Crucifer's crabwise approach to the truth. I hope he will not take offence if, when he eventually gets something wholly right about me, I refer to him as the most accurate editor of the NEW STATESMAN in modern times.

JOE HAINES
7 Hazel Shaw
Tonbridge, Kent

The Thirteenth Tribe

Sir, With reference to James Cameron's review of *The Thirteenth Tribe* (NS 9 April) and its suggestion that many Jews are of Khazar origin, I myself in the twenties was often mistaken by the fellahin of Palestine for a Jew, because I had pink cheeks, flaxen hair and grey eyes, and was in fact typically Teuton. We all understood at the time that, in the early centuries of this era, some Germanic tribes became Christian and some became Jewish, not in any intense sense; which explained the appearance of the so-called 'Jewish' immigrants. Of course anti-Semitism is void of meaning.

H. C. ALEXANDER
Keinton Mandeville
Somerton, Somerset

Sir, Until I read James Cameron's review (NS 9 April) I took it for granted that nearly every reasonably educated person knew about the Khazars – if only because Her Majesty the Queen is descended from Mënü Morát, Elteber of the Bihar Khazars.

SHAMUS O. D. WADE
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BOOKS & ARTS

Goronwy Rees

Arms and the Man

Montgomery of Alamein by ALUN CHALFONT
Weidenfeld £6.50

Field Marshal Montgomery is hardly dead and buried before (to adapt a phrase of John Sparrow's) Lord Chalfont it at hand to spit upon the grave. His book has been a long time in preparation and it was natural to hope that, given his qualifications, it would provide the definitive biography his subject deserves; but, alas, one's hopes have been disappointed. The reason is not hard to find. Lord Chalfont was refused access to the Field Marshal's personal papers, and this being so there is really very little he can tell us that has not been told several times before, especially as he has not undertaken any original research of his own. He has, however, been an assiduous scavenger of the kind of reminiscence and gossip which old soldiers like to exchange around the fire at the club. But what the soldier said is not evidence, and this is particularly true of what generals say about each other.

What then is the justification for this long book? Lord Chalfont has the answer. His object, he tells us, has been to explain what made the Field Marshal tick; that is to say, to discover those hidden, often subconscious motives, those hidden springs of action, which very few of us understand even in ourselves, much less in others. I think I could have warned anyone who proposed to fool around with the Field Marshal's psyche in this way that he was in for a difficult time; for, whatever he was, the Field Marshal was an extremely complicated and delicately balanced human organism, of a kind which does not yield its secrets up easily.

Lord Chalfont, however, seems to have had no misgivings about his self-appointed task. Armed with a little amateur psychology and a primitive Freudian insight that a man's worst friend is his Mummy, he confidently constitutes himself our guide through the labyrinth of the Field Marshal's soul. Indeed, he congratulates himself that, when his personal relations with the Field Marshal deteriorated as a result of a lapse of manners on Lord Chalfont's part, this was really because he had come too close to the Field Marshal's guilty secret.

For what Lord Chalfont found in the labyrinth was something very nasty indeed. The portrait that emerges from his book is that of a very unpleasant man, a bully and a cad, exhibitionist, philistine, humourless, ruthlessly and self-seekingly ambitious, yet secretly dominated by a craven fear of failure and defeat, so that his whole life was one long effort to protect himself against them. No doubt Lord Chalfont might protest, quite justifiably, that there are lights as well as shadows in his portrait; only the emphasis in his book is so placed that even the Field Marshal's virtues tend to take on the appearance of vices. In painting the Field Marshal warts and all, Lord Chalfont has so contrived things that the warts obscure all the other features.

For myself, I confess that in this portrait I entirely fail to recognise the man I was glad and proud to serve under during the war; one who, indeed, always treated me with such punctilious politeness, kindness and consideration for the failings of a hopelessly amateur soldier that any encounter with him was a pleasure. Such behaviour on the part of an immensely superior to a very junior officer was, in my experience, rare; and the pleasure of serving the Field Marshal was all the greater because, where military matters were concerned, his mind had a beautiful lucidity and simplicity which, in the confusion of war, were a constant source of confidence and assurance to those who worked for him. Moreover, any meeting with him was apt to be enlivened, from time to time, by shafts of dry, slightly black, humour which I found intensely amusing.

Indeed, my recollections of the Field Marshal are so totally at variance with Lord Chalfont's account of him that perhaps I should here declare an interest. Lord Chalfont describes me as a 'devoted disciple' of the Field Marshal, and so perhaps I was, to the extent that I greatly liked and admired him, and learned from him what little I ever understood about the art of war; for he was, among other things, a great teacher and educator.

I was not, however, one of that devoted little band, the *petit noyau*, of young liaison officers on whom the Field Marshal relied so much for his front-line information and with whom, at his personal headquarters, he lived in almost domestic intimacy. Of one of these young officers, John Poston, who was killed just before the final German surrender, and to whom the Field Marshal was deeply attached, Lord Chalfont characteristically writes: 'There have inevitably been suggestions of a homosexual element in their relations.' I do not know, nor does Lord Chalfont tell us, from what sources he derives this piece of information; but it is fairly typical of the kind of evidence on which he relies throughout his book.

In writing of a man's life in this way there is a certain impertinence, not to say vulgarity, which is perhaps unavoidable in the kind of psycho-history in which Lord Chalfont has chosen to indulge. But if the character he portrays is in fact a travesty of the living man, what becomes of the psychological thesis by which he purports to explain it, as of his claim to understand 'what made the Field Marshal tick'? They either become irrelevant, or they relate, not to the Field Marshal, but some fiction of Lord Chalfont's imagination. Unfortunately, this is not the kind of question which bothers the psycho-historian, and it does not trouble Lord Chalfont at all.

For him, the whole thing is quite simple and obvious. The Field Marshal, as he has himself told us, had a miserable and unhappy childhood, because of his relationship with his mother, a rigid disciplinarian who refused him the love and understanding any child expects of its mother and punished him severely for any breach of the rules she laid down for her children. This was, according to Lord Chalfont, the most important influence in the Field Marshal's life, and determined all his later behaviour. What the Field Marshal did, in the desert, in Italy, in Normandy and on the Rhine, he did because Mummy was always looking over his shoulder, perpetually reminding him of the penalties of failure and the punishment she once inflicted on him with her own hand. Hence his caution, his avoidance of risks, his insistence on the most meticulous preparation for battle, all magical formulae designed to protect himself against the possibility of defeat. Hence also, presumably, though Lord Chalfont does not say so, his victories.

If all this were indeed true one would be inclined to wish that all appointments to higher commands were reserved for generals with unhappy childhoods. But the trouble with explanations of this kind is that there are no conceivable means of establishing whether they are true or false, and it is only Lord Chalfont's persuasive style which gives this particular one a show of plausibility. Its intrusion into this book is doubly unfortunate because it excuses Lord Chalfont from any serious reassessment of the Field Marshal's qualities as a military commander.

He subscribes to the conventional wisdom that the Field Marshal's refusal to take unnecessary risks disqualifies him from a place among the great captains, like Napoleon or Robert E. Lee, who were also the colossal gamblers of history. But the interesting question is not whether a commander belongs among the great captains but whether the conditions of modern warfare leave any place for the great captains at all, or whether, rather, the most that can be expected of a higher commander today is the efficient organisation of the resources at his disposal and a just appreciation of the objectives he may rationally hope to achieve.

By such standards, I think, history will award to the Field Marshal a rather higher place than Lord Chalfont does. But per-

Among this week's contributors:

SIMON DIGBY is a Fellow of Wolfson College, Oxford and an Assistant Keeper in the Ashmolean Museum. He is honorary librarian of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.

KEITH THOMAS is Fellow and Tutor in Modern History at St John's College, Oxford and is the author of *Religion and the Decline of Magic*.

JOHN PUDNEY's illustrated biography *Lewis Carroll and His World* will be published by Thames & Hudson in September.

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haps, in such matters, the judgment of history, as of historians, certainly of psychohistorians such as Lord Chalfont, is of lesser importance than that of the armies which, because they trusted the Field Marshal, and felt safe in his hands, gave him a measure of loyalty, devotion and, not least, affection which few commanders have received or deserved. The British soldier does not give his heart easily; and he does not give it to the cad, bully and show-off Lord Chalfont describes.

Anthony Storr

Death Cries

Julian Grenfell by NICHOLAS MOSLEY
Weidenfeld £6.50

As makers of films have recognised, the three or four decades before the first world war evoke romantic nostalgia. How delicious to enter the world of Henry James and Edith Wharton, of Saki and Oscar Wilde; the world of weekend house parties, village cricket matches, Zuleika Dobson, the *Yellow Book*, the Café Royal. Of course there was another side to the picture: starvation wages, exploited servants, child prostitution, gluttony and ostentation. But, at least in the romantic imagination, 1914 is still the date when the party ended; and some who were children in the 1900s genuinely believe that no later generation has ever known *la douceur de vivre*. In *Julian Grenfell* Nicholas Mosley has subjected an aristocratic family to a scrutiny which mercilessly dispels any lingering notion that this was a Golden Age, even for the rich and socially eminent. Indeed, he affirms that this was a society so futile, so unrealistic, and so caught up in fantasy that its members looked for and welcomed the war, not only as providing opportunity for heroic self-sacrifice, but also as bringing back into a life far removed from it the bite and tang of reality.

Julian Grenfell, into a later generation of whose family Nicholas Mosley married, was born in 1888 to a 21-year-old mother. Ettie, to judge from photographs, was not conventionally beautiful. But she possessed something more important and more dangerous: the capacity to inspire, accept and enshrine the idealistic imaginings of men. This was an age in which women were worshipped as goddesses, the age of 'She-who-must-be-obeyed'; a role which Ettie adopted from the age of 15, and the validity of which she never questioned. One photograph, taken in 1900, shows the Grenfell family seated at tea on the lawn. Only Ettie is standing, almost floating above them, beautifully dressed in white lace, crowned with a huge white hat; a vision rather than a woman of flesh and blood. As was fashionable for married women at the time, Ettie collected many 'lovers', who abased themselves in romantic rapture at her feet but who, in days when a lady's maid was needed to dress and undress her mistress, can seldom have progressed beyond a touch of the hand or surreptitious kiss. Ettie's lovers wrote her innumerable letters from which Nicholas Mosley has made a telling selection. 'My meetings with her are like shooting stars – I look up and she is gone! before even I have time to tell her that with my whole soul I love her.' 'For a whole night I have dreamed of you – no hope of reciprocity' – this from Curzon, whilst Viceroy of India. 'The dog-like affection which binds me to your feet' – from an admirer the age of her son. It was, no doubt, an era of hyperbole; but Nicholas Mosley is right in supposing that men who allowed themselves to become 'helpless devotees' were in fact depressed, uncertain of their own worth, unsure whether life itself had any meaning.

Ettie's acquiescence in her own divinity was accompanied by a denial of pain and suffering and an exaltation of death. Archie Gordon, a 'lover' aged 21 to Ettie's 38, dies after a car accident. Ettie writes to her daughter:

> We must not hold too clamorously to keeping Archie here – or feel with too much anguish that his bright spirit should leave us for a little while . . . I do not want any of us whom he loved ever to have a *dark* thought of sadness about him, it seems as if it might almost hurt and confuse *him*, in whatever land he be . . .

and so on and so on until one is sickened

Islamic Patterns
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KEITH CRITCHLOW
Foreword by Seyyed Hossein Nasr
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with the denial of grief and loss, with the saccharine sentimentalisation of tragedy.

This book is a study of the effect upon a young man of having such a mother. Julian was handsome, rich, good at games, popular and clever. Nothing can have appeared impossible to him. Yet he suffered severe depression, and at times came close to suicide. Ettie, by Edwardian standards, was an excellent mother who spent more time with her children than most fashionable hostesses, visited them at school, and showed every evidence of concern about them. Compared, for example, with Winston Churchill's mother, she was a paragon. But, just as Lady Randolph was idealised – 'She shone for me like the Evening Star. I loved her dearly – but at a distance' – so Ettie was idealised by her children, and in turn idealised them. And, as analysts well know, idealisation is as destructive of real relationship as hate. How, for example, can a son not feel inadequate if his mother is acknowledged to be a goddess?

When Julian was 21 he tried to rebel. He did so by writing a book in which he criticised the ideals and the conventions with which he had been brought up. More especially, he saw that the pressure brought upon him to compete and win was incompatible with the simultaneous demand for duty and self-sacrifice. For some time he had arguments with his mother, reducing them both to tears. But the family won in the end. For any attempt at formulating a philosophy of one's own, at being a writer, or even at being at all serious was met with 'chaff'. Man's duty was to excel at games, to slaughter birds and, above all, to be humorous. Edwardian high society was fiercely anti-intellectual, and it never occurred to Ettie that any son of hers should take writing or any of the arts seriously. This repudiation of the arts had the fatal effect of forcing the imagination to fasten upon actual people, to discern high romance in commonplace women, confusing mistress and muse. If a man must become infatuated with 'She', it is better to confine her within the pages of Rider Haggard.

And so to the war. Ettie lost both her sons. Julian's head wound spared him long enough for his mother to be at his deathbed, her hand at his lips when he was dying. Her reaction was what one would expect. 'The thought that he was dying seemed to come go and come but he always seemed radiantly happy and he never saw any of the people he loved look sad.' But one's loved ones should look sad when one is dying; how else can one know that one is loved?

Nicholas Mosley has extrapolated from the Grenfells to condemn a whole society. Is he justified in doing so? Yes, on the whole he is. For although the people he is writing about were a small proportion of the population, they were the leaders, and set the tone. Romantic excess seems to flourish in societies which have given up aiming at realistic goals, and the end of romantic excess is always death. Wagner died only five years before Julian Grenfell was born. *The Flying Dutchman, The Ring* and, above all, *Tristan*, attest the profoundest belief of Romanticism: that love on earth is incapable of fulfilment, and that only in death can love be ideally realised.

This brilliant, disturbing book is rich in psychological insight. If its effect is to make one long for the 18th century, for Haydn and for Gibbon, this is the best tribute one can pay to the author's perception and iconoclastic power.

FRANK CASS

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A Cornishman Abroad by A. L. ROWSE *Cape* £5.95

Former prime ministers manipulate their autobiographies to polish the record for posterity, to vindicate their own wisdom at every juncture, and to settle accounts with their opponents. We, their readers, gut these garnished histories for evidence and information, shrugging aside the authors' ridiculous vanity. But from a writer, a scholar with strong literary gifts and a poetic sensibility, we have a right to expect something more valuable, more revealing: a genuine self-reckoning, a window into the murky interior. Confession, if authentic, is a point of strength rather than weakness – a lesson Dr Rowse could learn from Russell. A single chapter in *A Cornishman Abroad*, the last one, throws into sharp relief what is lacking in the rest.

The aggressive-paranoid personality is a familiar one, but Rowse's pages deploy it rather than examine it. Down they go, those who have ever, even 50 years ago, rivalled him, disparaged him, eclipsed him, or failed to demonstrate a proper gratitude. Where is this immense catalogue of grudges archived: in the head or in the diaries? Scattered among the moments of fine descriptive writing are the mean, shallow graves where lie the third-raters, the lightweights, the sillies, the fools, the charlatans, the so-called experts, the dull academics, the half-wit professors. But, as Rowse remarks, one can expect nothing, absolutely nothing, from human beings.

Not that he minds. Who cares tuppence, certainly not Rowse, if Connolly rejected a poem of his, if his old college turned him down, if no official invitation was sent to him for the Shakespeare centenary, if he was passed over for Warden of All Souls, for Chichele Professor of Modern History, for Regius Professor of Modern History, and for all those other time-wasting sinecures he wouldn't have dreamt of accepting, even though he was a candidate? So there. Besides, he has made more money than all of those clever fellows puffing each other up put together. So there again. Even so, it is rather galling that 50 years ago someone compared his own *Politics and the Younger Generation* unfavourably to G. D. H. Cole's *The World of Labour*. Ah: but 'who remembers dear Douglas's works today?'

Between the autobiographer and his real subject Rowse interposes not only a politician's catalogue of castigations; he also swamps his pages with raw, unsifted documentary detail taken straight out of his diary:

> A last dash into the Museum enabled me to carry away in mind some of the Renaissance riches – a glass beaker set with pearls and gold for Philip the Good; Augsburg watches; Nüremberg plate, Viennese porcelain, Italian majolica; armours of Maximilian I and the Emperor Sigismund, or Ferdinand of Tyrol – such as I see regularly now in the Metropolitan in New York.

And so on. The names of persons, too, as well as glass beakers, rain down; one longs for a quiet, extended exploration of a single relationship, the opening of that window into the self, the mutuality which propels a man into maturity. Sometimes a bud begins to open, then quickly shuts.

On a hot summer afternoon in 1929, for example, the undergraduate Auden leads the young don Rowse from All Souls quadrangle to his rooms in Christ Church. On arrival Auden closes fast the outer door and draws the blinds, then begins to read letters from a friend describing sexual adventures with boys. Rowse huddles further into his chair:

> Never embarrassed – a middle-class attribute – I began to wonder a little . . . and great was my relief when I heard the deep notes of Tom resound outside. 'There, it's four o'clock,' I said, 'I always have tea in the Common Room at All Souls at four o'clock.' With that I rose and went.

What is wrong with this passage is not what

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is wrong with Rowse but what is wrong with Rowse as autobiographer. If he felt shy, defensive, embarrassed, why not say so? Why intrude that coy, slightly flirtatious inversion of the truth? With Rowse you don't read between the lines, you have to turn the whole page upside down.

And so to the last chapter, which tells of Rowse's love for the tall, beautiful, sensitive German aristocrat Adam von Trott, who was later executed for his part in the 1944 plot to assassinate Hitler. Here, at last, Rowse begins to open windows, to escape from the stifling cockpit where human beings are graded like essays, alpha-beta-gamma. It was, he says, 'an ideal love affair, platonic in the philosophic sense,' and he adds, with the telling phrase one had waited for, 'for me it meant release from my own cage'. Now Rowse begins to climb the heights of which he is capable as a writer, and one understands his passion:

> I found that his intuitive responses and sympathies were so subtle and fine that he could tell what I was thinking, or feeling, more immediately than anyone I had ever known.

At last the window into himself begins to open:

> I held a Manichee view that it was enough to desire anyone to elicit no response; conversely, for any to show desire for me – there had been several such – was enough to put me off.

But slowly the gold begins to turn to dust; not only the relationship but also Rowse's account of it. Instead of a true giving, there is a bridling, an elbow-wrestling, about von Trott's awful Hegelianism and his own excellent common sense-plus-poetry. Apparently his friend time and again invited him to visit Germany and stay with his family: 'needless to say, I never would. At Oxford, with All Souls behind me, I remained top-dog.' Throwing a bait across the Atlantic he adds that he is now the chief repository of von Trott's letters: 'The editing of these letters would need a full-time American research student . . .' The chapter devoted to the great love of his life withers away in a final snapping and snarling about small magazines, conceited contemporaries and petty literary jealousies.

Keith Thomas

Tots' Annals

The History of Childhood edited by LLOYD DEMAUSE *Souvenir* £5.00 and £3.00

In the last 15 years interest in the history of children and young people has greatly increased. This interest is not difficult to explain or to defend. Since it was usual until quite recently for nearly half the population of most countries to be aged under 20, it is only right that historians should at last give some thought to this vast submerged sector of humanity, just as they have come, belatedly but inexorably, to the study of those two other neglected majorities, women and the lower classes. In France, moreover, the new science of historical demography has led an increasing number of students to focus on such topics as infant mortality, family size and the spread of contraception. The achievement of Philippe Ariès was to unite this demographic approach with the *histoire des mentalités* preached by Lucien Febvre and the *Annales* school. Ariès's essay on the history of children was an impressionistic and imperfect affair. But for all its faults, *Centuries of Childhood* in its English translation (1962) has become one of the greatest single intellectual influences upon current historical writing, particularly in the United States.

There are special reasons why it should be in America that the history of children has been elevated into so fashionable a topic. One of them lies in the student upheavals of the Sixties. The troubles at Berkeley and Columbia drove many historians and sociologists to study youth and adolescence in an attempt to locate the origins and character of modern generational conflict. Equally important has been the enduring American obsession with psychoanalysis. The devotees of the modish pursuit of 'psycho-history' are not all Freudians, believing that human personality is decisively shaped in infancy. On the contrary, most of them follow Erik Erikson in regarding the development of the ego as a life-long process in which adult experiences play a crucial part. But all agree in regarding childhood as a matter of central historical importance.

Hitherto the most characteristic examples of 'psycho-history' have been psycho-analytically-oriented studies of historical figures, from Luther and Henry VIII to Gandhi and President Nixon. A more recent manifestation is the *History of Childhood Quarterly*, an idiosyncratic publication whose founder, editor and proprietor is Lloyd deMause, who is also the editor and American publisher of the volume under review. Mr deMause is no conventional academic, but a richly eccentric entrepreneur whose promotional methods are far removed from the staid practices of, say, the *English Historical Review*. The brochures which launched the *History of Childhood Quarterly* depicted a horrifying range of apparatus for the torture and sexual disciplining of children; and a cash prize was offered for the earliest historical example of a child who could be proved *never* to have been beaten. (Inevitably some librarians recoiled before this onslaught; after the brochures, it was years before the Bodleian book selection committee could be persuaded to subscribe.)

Philippe Ariès took a nostalgic view of the past, implying that the medieval child was happier because he was not packed off to school and segregated from the company of adults. Mr deMause, by contrast, exudes a Whiggish optimism. History is the history of progress in child-rearing:

> The history of childhood is a nightmare from which we have only recently begun to awaken. The further back in history one goes, the lower the level of child care, and the more likely children are to be killed, abandoned, beaten, terrorised, and sexually abused.

What the parent of the past lacked, he declares, was not love, but 'the emotional maturity needed to see the child as a person separate from himself'. Throughout history adults have projected their own unconscious fantasies on to their children: portraying them as vehicles of original sin, evil beings who needed to be disciplined, swaddled and kept under control. Alternatively, they have used children as substitutes for adult figures important in their own childhood: hugging them as if they were their own mothers reborn, overwhelming them with burdensome demands for love. For Mr deMause these twin attitudes of 'projection' and 'reversal' are the great motor force of history. According to his 'psychogenic theory', child-care has gone through six 'modes'. These are: 1. Infanticide (antiquity to 4th century). 2. Abandonment (4th to 13th centuries). 3. Ambivalence (14th to 17th centuries). 4. Intrusion (18th century). 5. Socialisation (19th to 20th centuries). 6. 'The helping mode', which begins in the mid-20th century and is still in progress, notably in Mr deMause's own household, where his son has been brought up on 'helping' principles, which will be described in a future book on the subject.

Paul Theroux

The Family Arsenal

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The 'helping mode', he explains,

> involves the proposition that the child knows better than the parent what it needs at each stage of life . . . Children are neither struck nor scolded, and are apologised to if yelled at under stress.

The parents devote themselves to the child, 'being its servants rather than the other way around'. The infallible result of this method is 'a child who is gentle, sincere, never depressed, never imitative or group-oriented, strong willed and unintimidated by authority'. (It is to be feared that deMause junior, in his role as model child, may have inherited a burden of parent-imposed responsibility which will dwarf that laid on the young John Stuart Mill or even on Christopher Robin.)

Mr deMause's theories do not lack psychological perceptiveness; indeed few parents are likely to emerge from a reading of his chapter completely unscathed. But he shows little discrimination in his use of historical evidence and little sensitivity to the influence of economic, social or other non-'psychogenic' influences on the history of child-rearing. His real message is something more akin to religion than to history, and as such unassailable by unbelievers.

On the other hand, his fellow-contributors to *The History of Childhood* have much useful historical information to offer. In nine essays they review aspects of the history of child-rearing from ancient Rome to 19th-century Russia, with a wealth of interesting detail and voluminous bibliographical reference. Sometimes their enthusiasm for the new subject is more in evidence than the scholarly rigour which would be expected in more conventional fields of study.

Writing the history of children is a difficult business and there are many methodological problems which are yet to be solved. So much which is vital has gone unrecorded; yet one cannot be sure that, for example, the relative infrequency of references to small children in medieval art and literature necessarily means that medieval parents were uninterested in them. Neither is it easy to distinguish what is typical from what is unique. As one of the contributors remarks, it is one thing to know how the moralists and educators of a particular period thought children *ought* to be brought up; quite another thing to discover how they actually were.

Nevertheless, certain constant features recur in these accounts of bygone childhood. The overall picture certainly has grim aspects of the kind relished by Mr deMause. It seems likely that the high rate of infant mortality was not solely attributable to factors beyond human control. The Christian Church condemned infanticide, but it countenanced other more ambiguous practices which could achieve the same effect: baptism in wintry conditions, long journeys to wet-nurses, and the conception of a second child before the first had been adequately nursed. The frequency of accidental deaths from over-laying, suffocation and molestation by domestic animals suggests a low level of infant care, almost to the extent of constituting a half-conscious method of family limitation.

There was also a recurring tendency to regard the small infant as not fully human. The near-universal practice of swaddling was justified on a variety of grounds, one of which was that it prevented the child from crawling around on all fours, like the animal it really was. There was a revealingly constant under-registration of small infants in census returns, particularly if they were females ('The thing is called Bridget', records one 17th-century gentleman on the birth of his tenth daughter). Most searing of all to modern sensibilities is the once-common practice of giving a second child the same name as that borne by its recently-deceased elder brother.

Early separation was a standard practice. Those who could afford it immediately put out their children to wet-nurses, sometimes not even visiting them for the next 18 months. At ten or 12 the child might be put out again, this time for good, boarded in another household, committed to a monastery or turned loose to seek its fortune. Physical punishment was usually an inseparable accompaniment of its upbringing. 'You men and wives that sometimes bestow blows on each other,' said a Tudor preacher, 'leave off and reserve them for your children.'

It will take many years of research to disentangle the various influences which caused children to be brought up in such a way; and many careful distinctions of region and class have yet to be drawn. But perhaps the central fact before the 18th century was the ubiquity of child labour; this helps to explain both why the child had to be severely disciplined and also why there was so little attempt to segregate childhood from the adult world. The great revulsion against swaddling, wet-nursing, corporal punishment and all the other manifestations of earlier severity arose among the middle classes, who were not so immediately dependent upon the product of their children's labour. The concept of the child as a pet to be gratified and indulged was a creation of the bourgeoisie and the town. Only later did it spread to the working classes and the countryside. The distinctive upbringing of Mr deMause's son is therefore not just a result of his father's 'emotional maturity'. It was also made possible by leisure and affluence of a kind which most of our forefathers never enjoyed.

MR LAUREL & MR HARDY
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Nicholas Tucker

Counting their Blessings

Seven Years Old in the Home Environment
by JOHN and ELIZABETH NEWSON *Allen & Unwin* £9.75

This is the third instalment of the Newsons' epic study of 700 Nottingham children, once again a sensitive and well-written work, though perhaps less interesting than the earlier books. Unlike the Opies or Piaget, the authors don't go direct to children for their evidence, but talk to the mothers instead. Now that these children are at school, and at other times tending to withdraw more into their own peer-groups, such parental reports have a less intimate quality. Previous fascinating descriptions of private games, rites and fantasies here tend to give way to more banal observations, which sometimes ramble on mercilessly. This occasional dullness is no one's fault; it is simply what happens when detailed personal observation is more often replaced by conventional wisdom. This tendency will probably be even more pronounced when the sample gets to adolescence, although by that time the children themselves will be interviewed too.

It is precisely the conventional wisdom behind personal remarks that the Newsons are after; and their conclusions reinforce their previous affirmation that social class remains the chief factor in determining differences of attitude towards child-rearing. Over and over again the accompanying statistical tables show significantly gathering upward or downward trends across the social spectrum, whether it be over attitudes towards children's destructiveness, the decision to fetch them from school each day, or parents' willingness to clear up their toys for them.

The French historian Philippe Ariès has described the 'privatisation' of children over the last three centuries as a crucial development within the family, whereby the offspring of the wealthy were increasingly extracted from the general community and segregated into schools or their own rooms within the home. From the Newsons' study, something like this process is still in evidence: far more working-class than middle-class children are described by their parents as essentially 'outdoor' types. Inside the home, middle-class children tend to play in separate rooms from their parents with toys that are their own personal property, not owned communally, which is more likely with working-class children who, when they are at home, tend to play in close company with adults. Naturally some of this has to do with the basic economics of small houses, the provision of toys and the cost of heating, but not entirely: for some parents, far more often from the working class, the old idea still holds that the street outside is the natural place for children to play in, whatever the home comforts.

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Sex appears to be the other major determinant of variations in child behaviour. The differences reported between girls and boys are so pervasive, whatever the social class, that the Newsons can barely control their editorial irritation when it comes to questioning the existence of basic biological divergencies in personality. They are probably right, but even so the occasionally magisterial quality of some of their interjections does raise the question of the uses to which one can and can't put this sort of study. Previous research has shown that parents are not particularly reliable witnesses on many things to do with their children, even over relatively factual matters. By depending entirely on mothers' interpretations and perceptions, therefore, the authors consciously renounce any hopes of scientific objectivity. On the other hand, they justly claim that what parents tell them during their interviews is still highly indicative of general attitudes towards children, whatever such evidence may lack in other ways. It is therefore surprising to be confronted at times by confident generalisations about children's behaviour solely based on the face-value of these reports, whatever the caveats made elsewhere.

But on their own chosen ground of parental attitudes the authors provide a detailed and convincing picture which should be read by all over-zealous critics of family life. They suggest that parents commonly provide their children with a more flexible standard of domestic behaviour, which can take better account of personal needs and idiosyncrasies, than any institution would find possible. Whatever the public appearance demanded, children within the family are often allowed to regress or present otherwise hidden sides to themselves. In this way, girls may be permitted to show far more of their aggressive feelings without leading to parental censure, while boys may still expect – and get – their regular cuddle and good-night kiss.

It is not all a case of three cheers for parents, though. The authors have harsh words for those who too easily accept lazy stereotypes about working-class warmth and middle-class frigidity; parents everywhere tend to be more demonstrably affectionate towards their children today than would once have seemed common. But while the middle-class child may be brought up through a highly verbal, democratically-based type of discipline, the child of the unskilled working-class parent may be subjected to different methods in which:

> words are used more to threaten and bamboozle the child into obedience than to make him understand the rationale behind social behaviour . . . and likely to result in a personality who can neither identify with nor beat the system.

A clear, if unfashionable message: a working-class child from the bottom end of the social scale may be handicapped by the *principles* on which he is brought up, regardless of other environmental shortcomings. Could this help explain the static nature of the class system at this particular end of the scale? The Newsons think it can: this is the most provocative point in their stimulating if slightly prolix study.

Arnold Goldman

Brother Cannibal

The Exile of James Joyce by HÉLÈNE CIXOUS translated by Sally A. J. Purcell *Calder* £15.00

The development of James Joyce as an artist remains endlessly fascinating, as though, if we could but understand it, we would pierce the centre of the 'modern' in art. In the young Joyce's own term, such an understanding might be the ultimate 'epiphany'. The mystery does not lie in his art alone, analysable though it is outside the life Joyce led. Nor is it simply that the life provides clues to the art, even perhaps necessary ones. The mystery lies in the relation between the life and the art, and this formidable study by Mme Cixous meditates, asserts, argues, and speculates that relationship for nearly 800 pages. Her study is a sustained act of critical intelligence, her texture a machine for generating insights. Almost wilfully condemning herself to examining everything, at whatever length is necessary, she will not let go of a topic until she has wrung significance out of it. The reader participates in her determination, grinding molars at the agony of the investigation, experiencing blissful relief when the moment of release arrives. The miracle is that it does arrive, and so often.

Had *The Exile of James Joyce* been offered as three separate studies, the reader would never have experienced the dread that accompanies broaching this kraken of a work. But despite its inordinate length, it is one argument. Joyce's fictions are broken up and redistributed over its length and breadth to develop and illustrate a clear progress: first the nexus out of which the individual is to develop, the family; next the individual in three developing stages, the heroic, the heretical (or rebellious), and the exilic. Finally, Mme Cixous concludes with the 'poetics' of this development

Hélène Cixous is illuminating on Joyce's relationship to his parents and to his brother Stanislaus, seeing clearly the uses to which he put them in life and in art – seeing and cumulating more uses than one ever imagined. She notes the importance of Stanislaus's *Dublin Diary* for James, and how the brother appears not just in Mr Duffy, of *Dubliners*' 'A Painful Case', and in *Finnegans Wake*'s Shaun the Post, but also in Stephen Dedalus *and* Leopold Bloom. Stanislaus is the most complete case of 'cannibalism' in James's life and work. Mme Cixous does not burke the human implications, but neither is she ever dismissive or simply disparaging. She sees the extraordinary egotism but also the strength and complexity of the will to survival. Joyce didn't have it easy, but he operated on a principle of making it harder, hardest: it was what he called his 'moral nature'.

Madame Cixous examines all the major relationships in Joyce's life, in all their complexities. This 'life' feeds the fictions, but the fictions also create and determine the life: it is not a one-way street. If at times she seems to conflate Joyce and his artist Stephen Dedalus, the commonest of literary trespasses, she does not do so essentially and is capable of quite exquisite differentiation. She shows how Joyce presented Stephen

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EMPLOYMENT, GROWTH AND BASIC NEEDS: A ONE-WORLD PROBLEM

Report of the Director-General of the International Labour Office to the Tripartite World Conference on Employment.

In the search for a solution to the problems of a world where more than 700m people live in acute poverty, where at least 460m suffer from severe malnutrition and where, in the developing countries alone, nearly 300m persons are unemployed or underemployed, the ILO has convened a *Tripartite World Employment Conference* (Geneva, June, 1976) aimed at stimulating and guiding international action to overcome unemployment and poverty.

In his Report, the Director-General of the ILO invites the Conference to examine a possible new approach to development aimed at raising world employment levels and furthering social objectives whereby each country should strive to attain certain minimum standards of living — what are described as *basic needs* — by the year 2000.

The possible means to this end are set out in detail in the different chapters of the report, which, after reviewing the size and characteristics of world employment and income distribution problems, examines the scope for national employment strategies, with particular reference to developing countries, and for international strategies, taking into account such elements as trade-adjustment assistance, international manpower movements, technological choice and innovation for developing countries and the role of multinational enterprises. A final chapter, after recapitulating the essential purposes of the Conference, suggests the key policy issues on which it might most effectively focus its discussions.

vi + 177 pages. Price £3.20; Swiss Fr 20. **ISBN 92.2.101510-6**

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as more victimised by mother than father, and how useful and necessary that distortion of life was. She shows how Joyce deals constantly in 'replacements' of these figures – themselves perhaps replacements for the Virgin and God the Father – but she warns against our regarding such substitutions as 'simply the results of childish frustration infinitely prolonged'. With such a viewpoint life, which the Freudian reduction evacuates from the text, positively floods back into every cranny. She reads Joyce like a book.

Valentine Cunningham

Pincers

The Abolitionist of Clark Gable Place by CHARLES WEBB *Gollancz* £3.95
Wild Grow the Lilies by CHRISTY BROWN *Secker & Warburg* £3.90
The Boys from Brazil by IRA LEVIN *Michael Joseph* £3.50

Charles Webb of *The Graduate* fame is renowned for wryly witty (conceit-full rather than conceited) fictions. And *The Abolitionist of Clark Gable Place* proves once more that one of his specialties is the real gulfs between people that go on exising despite (or perhaps *because of*) the paraphernalia of intimacy – lots of concerned talk, much familiar dropping of the other person's name – that they generously deploy in their attempts at communion. Kenneth Wood, who's being loaned a spacious Californian home by its holidaying owner Mrs Fellowes so that he can recover from his failures in business and marriage, starts rearranging the family life of Eugene Cowles, a black charity-worker from Watts. Wood's blurry plan, he alleges, is to undermine his own racial prejudice through communal living with Cowles's family, several scions of which are briefly dragooned into his gracious pad. The Cowleses quickly plumb his fundamental loneliness and his chronic aptitude for interfering in other people's lives and livelihoods. None too chuffed on her return to find her house devoted to inter-racial experimentation, Mrs Fellowes reveals that she herself is in scarcely less need of others to lean on, even if she's a crustier negotiator than Wood when it comes to manipulating people, i.e., him, into total but useful dependence.

The novel's scheme and the outcome of the characters' schemes are perhaps a mite too-tightly schematised. And the flatter-than-flat accounts of what happens –

> He opened the refrigerator, looked inside, and removed a carton of cottage cheese, After taking the top off he walked to the sink, picked a spoon out of the drainer and began eating. When he was finished he opened the doors under the sink and dropped the empty carton and lid into the wastebasket.

– are, like the always sparely put and bluntly put-down dialogues, less tributes to a sort of modernistic *cinéma verité* style than actual, or readily convertible into actual, cinema scripts. It might also be thought – I *do* think – that the book's conception is not quite up to cantilevering much more than a short story's weight into the load-bearing position. Still, what is satirised is satirised so effectively that carping seems over-grudging. Charles Webb skilfully exposes the elaborately wordy pincers with which white people – especially white North American people – make syntatically polite advances on each other's more painful parts, and the disconcerting way opposition is affirmed rather than denied by cosily first-name terms. One of the Cowleses makes the sharp point against Kenneth's runaway ambitions that brotherly love begins between two people, not between thousands and, the novel nicely proves, neither do thousands of words guarantee it even between just two people.

'Words alone are certain good': there have never been any prizes for spotting that an Irishman thought that, and in his first two novels Christy Brown, like many another marathon Irish talker, proceeded as though producing fictions that merely produce engulfing spates of blarneyfied eloquence were self-justifying enough. This time around, though, he's found from somewhere the good sense to chivvy himself for the practice. At least, in *Wild Grow the Lilies* the central character, a Dublin journalist called Luke Sheridan (occasion of lots of knowing quips about Richard Brinsley and Le Fanu, that one), is from time to time chided for excessive wordiness. 'Don't you ever give your jaws a rest?' inquires a whore (or *brasser* or *mot* or *rossie*: this novel stretches your stock of low vocables if nothing else) of whom he's fond. The novel Sheridan is also about – 'a chronicle of Dublin writ large' – will, accuses 'Countess Sonny', a sexy piece mixed up in an obscure high-life crime Sheridan's paper has him investigating, be a 'verbose hobgoblin'. Naturally Luke isn't exactly mute in his own defence but, creditably, the author has evidently realised that his own indubitably energetic recipe for the muscle-boundedly verbal novel might just fail to be a continually unalloyed delight to one and all. Nonetheless, delight there is in Mr Brown's filthy-minded pun-palace, with its *stultifera navis* of grotesques (more Bosch than bosh, but only just) zestily afloat on the polluted sea of blackest Irish humour.

The good chiller works by convincing you that its uncontemplatable awfulnesses are in fact probable ones; at which none-too-easy task Ira Levin (author of *Rosemary's Baby*) has proved the dabbest of hands. *The Boys from Brazil* has an ageing Nazi-hunter Jakov Liebermann uncovering a curious plot masterminded from South America by Dr Mengele, the inhuman geneticist of Auschwitz, to kill off 94 harmless and apparently disconnected 65-year-olds. Accidentally Liebermann discovers the connection: they're all adoptive fathers of identical 14-year-old boys. So guess which late hero of Mengele's was also the possessor, like all the boys, of a pointed nose, piercing blue eyes, hair prone to fall in a lock over one eye, frustrated artistic leanings, with a young mother and an older father who died when his son was 14! The plot unfolds utterly enthrallingly to make a superior read in this genre. So, follow Liebermann and Mengele to a remote homestead in the US! Learn how sadistic genes will out – to Mengele's discomfiting! Worry over Liebermann's final access of humanity! Don't miss the last pages of moral agonising! All good clean horror, and excellent stuff.

D. J. Enright

The Significance Seeker

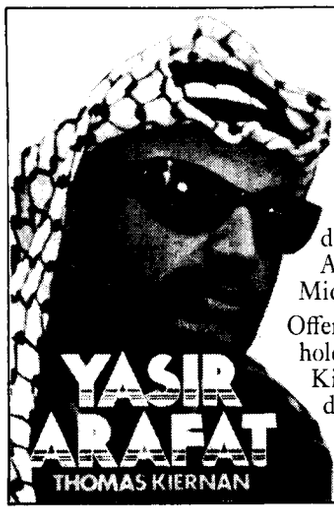
The holes
I rooted at
So busily

The armpits, ah,
I thrust my cold nose
Into

The redolent beds
Of flowers,
The memorable mounds

The tree
Whose limbs I parted
Lifting my leg

Those places
Where my piss spurted
Like wine into a goblet



YASIR ARAFAT by Thomas Kiernan

The first biography

It has become conventional wisdom within the movement that P.L.O. provocation was responsible for the wars of 1967 and 1973. The more Arafat and the radical wing of the P.L.O. become frustrated politically after the apparent victory at the U.N. in 1974, the more dangerous will his motivation and its consequences become. Already the P.L.O. is looking beyond the frontiers of the Middle East.

Offering the first, and objective, biography of the man who holds the fate of the Palestinians in his hands, Thomas Kiernan, former lecturer at Columbia University, also describes the history and evolution of the P.L.O. and provides an insight into its true position in the Middle East.

SBN 120897 95p

ABACUS

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Simon Digby

Chic of Araby

The World of Islam Festival has come out before the British public with an exotic abundance which recalls its harbinger, the late Piero Pasolini's *Arabian Nights*. Unsponsored champagne Private Views alternate with more Islamic opening ceremonies offering 'refreshments (soft drinks)' and Arab sweets. Some are graced by the presence of British, Iranian and Saudi royals.

Politics before art. The Festival has been made possible by a massive allocation of funds from Middle Eastern countries channelled through the Festival of Islam Trust. Its activities are separate from those of the Islamic Council of Europe, financed mainly from the same sources 'in pursuance of resolutions passed by the Conference of Ministers of Foreign Affairs of Muslim States' held at Jeddah and Benghazi in 1973. Before the grand opening of the Hayward Exhibition by the Queen, the Council 'on the occasion of the World of Islam Festival' on 3 April at the Albert Hall inaugurated an International Islamic Conference.

The occasion was of sociological significance for the UK. Art-historians were not visible, but the Hall was packed – an attendance of 7,000 was mentioned. The tone of speeches was fundamentalist, with insistence on conformity to the Qur'an and Sunnah. HRH Muhammad Faysal declared:

> The real world of Islam consists of its message, its ideals, values and principles, and not merely certain manifestations of our culture, however beautiful and charming and overpowering they may be.

Cheerleaders led cries of *Allahu akbar* ('God is greatest') after speeches. In the huge audience South Asian immigrants predominated, witnesses to the success of the Islamic Council of Europe in forming a pressure-group out of those who profess 'the second largest religion in Europe today'. Financial as well as moral assistance was promised 'to meet the needs of these growing communities' with an expanding educational programme for 'new generations'.

The World of Islam: Calendar of Events (price 15p) is indispensable to those who wish to make a rational choice of the exhibitions, spectacles, lectures or concerts which they attend. It lists 138 events between 1 April and 29 July. Classification of major exhibitions and those mentioned under 'fringe events' is arbitrary, but in London nine of the former and 18 of the latter are listed, elsewhere in the UK five and four. Coverage is not quite comprehensive; in London *Persian and Mughal Art* at Colnaghi's is omitted, as is *Islam and China* at Bristol City Art Gallery.

Of the exhibitions, two afford opportunities which may not recur to see together and in London many of the classical masterpieces of Islamic art. These are *The Arts of Islam* at the Hayward Gallery and *The Qur'an* at the British Museum. In the Hayward great carpets and large objects of luxury, like the gargantuan Qur'ans from Mamluk Egypt, come into their own: smaller long-famous masterpieces such as the inlaid bronze 'Bobrinskoy bucket' from Leningrad are dwarfed by the scale and diminished by abundant competition. The actual display is confusing if one wishes to find individual items out of the 600-odd in the catalogue. The total effect is of an overwhelming spiritual and physical allure, the serenity and enticement of one of the world's great civilised traditions; and it is heightened by a breathtakingly romantic slide-show of Muslim architecture and traditional life.

The Qur'an exhibition bulges in the carapace of the King's Library, but the richness of the illuminated pages and the nobility of the calligraphy triumph. The saddest display is of Persian metalware, of great interest, set in a depressed area of the Victoria and Albert. A fourth major exhibition is the BM's *Paintings from the Muslim Courts of India*. All these are concerned with the fine or luxurious courtly arts of Muslim states. Linking high art to the life of the people are an ambitious but rather disorganised exhibition of Islamic science and technology at the Science Museum, and Islamic musical instruments, logically and lovingly displayed with recordings and illustrations of musicians and their audiences, at the Horniman. To many, the exhibitions concerned with regional, mainly 'vernacular' traditions will have the greatest appeal – the flamboyant and contemporary *Arts of the Hausa* at the Commonwealth Institute, *Nomad and City* (showing Palestinian Bedouin and Sana in the Yemen) at the Museum of Mankind and *Islamic Art and Architecture in Libya* at the Architectural Association School. The first two show a wizardry in three-dimensional recreations of exotic settings which puts the display facilities of older museums to shame.

Commercial art-galleries and auction houses of London have also risen to a splendid opportunity. Sotheby's has just had an 'Islamic week'. Colnaghi's, selling the collections of Baron Edmond de Rothschild and an American millionaire, has on view an exhibition of Persian and Mughal miniatures of international importance.

A beneficial consequence of this flurry of exhibitions has been the production of numerous and excellent catalogues, many of them put out by the World of Islam Festival Publishing Co. They are mostly well laid-out, inexpensive and useful works of reference. Colnaghi's catalogue is splendid and scholarly, at a price that makes it a far better buy than most of the coffee-table books discussed below. A more expensive catalogue is of a fine private col-

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The Arts of Islam *Arts Council, Hayward Gallery* £4.00

The Qur'an by MARTIN LINGS and Y. H. SAFADI *World of Islam Festival Publishing Co., British Library* £2.95

Science and Technology in Islam *Science Museum London, World of Islam* 70p

Music and Musical Instruments in the World of Islam by JEAN JENKINS and P. R. OLSEN *Horniman Museum, World of Islam* £2.50

The Arts of the Hausa by DAVID HEATHCOTE *World of Islam, Commonwealth Institute* £2.50

The Bedouin by SHELAGH WEIR *World of Islam, Museum of Mankind* £2.50

City of San'a' edited by JAMES KIRKMAN *World of Islam, Museum of Mankind* £2.50

Islamic Art and Architecture in Libya *Libyan General Committee, The Architectural Association* £2.00

Some Islamic Sites in Libya *AARP* £1.00

A Windtower House in Dubay by A. COLES and P. JACKSON *AARP* £1.00

Sotheby's Islamic Week 5 catalogues, cased *Sotheby & Co* £12.75

Persian and Mughal Art *P. and D. Colnaghi* £10.00 and £6.00

Paintings for the Royal Courts of India *Spink* £5.00

Islamic Metalwork of the Eighth to the 15th century in the Keir Collection by GEZA FEHERVARI *Faber* £25.00

The World of Ottoman Art by MICHAEL LEVEY *Thames & Hudson* £5.50 and £3.50

The Spread of Islam by MICHAEL ROGERS *Elsevier Phaidon* £3.95

The Majesty that was Islam by W. MONTGOMERY WATT *Sidgwick & Jackson* £3.95

The Art of Islam: Language and Meaning by TITUS BURCKHARDT *World of Islam* £12.50

The Genius of Arab Civilization: Source of Renaissance edited by JOHN R. HAYES *Phaidon* £13.95

The World of Islam: Faith, People, Culture edited by BERNARD LEWIS *Thames & Hudson* £12.50

E. J. BRILL – LONDON

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Leaves from their 'Round the Horne' Journal
Barry Took & Marty Feldman
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lection of Islamic metalware, owned in Liechtenstein.

Publishers have timed enough glossy books to break a coffee table to coincide with the Festival. Many are worthy of detailed consideration but here once more I can only offer a brief Consumers' Guide. Michael Levey has turned from Europe to Ottoman Turkey. *The World of Ottoman Art* is a slim volume to pack in the luggage of anyone who intends to visit Turkey. For the quality of Levey's analysis the format is meagre and the illustrations minute. Also at the bottom of the price-scale are Michael Rogers's *The Spread of Islam* and W. Montgomery Watt's *The Majesty that was Islam.* Rogers's idiosyncratic text does not correspond with the title but is an account of Islamic culture and its material base in the *Annales* manner which swoops from massive generalisation to minute local detail. It is strong on the social setting of medieval Islamic architecture. At the price, a recommended buy. *The Majesty that was Islam* is cast in the archaic mould of J. C. Stobart's *The Glory that was Greece.* It will doubtless continue to be read long after the glossy volumes have sold out or been remaindered, for it is a substantial and lucid introduction to Islamic history down to 1100 AD. It is a thick paperback, with illustrations in the printing of which economy has been a consideration.

We turn to the more expensive books. In *The Art of Islam: Language and Meaning*, a metaphysical colour of thought is combined with competent analysis of the formal qualities of ornament. Burckhardt writes with circumspect Muslim piety, conscious of the problem of the conflict between Muslim beliefs and much Islamic art. Phaidon's *The Genius of Arab Civilization: Source of Renaissance*, as the opening sentence of the foreword informs us, 'was made possible through the generosity of Mobil Oil Corporation'. The contributors are mostly Arabs. It has a good article on mechanical technology by Donald Hill. The plates are large, with winsome views of sails in the sunset, deserts and oases, but when works of art are illustrated they are too frequently out of focus or apparently seen through a tobacco-coloured haze. *The World of Islam: Faith, People, Culture* is an encyclopaedic volume, 360 close-packed quarto pages. The contributors are all high-powered; the names of about half of them remind us how formidable the Jewish contribution to Islamic studies yet remains. The chapter headings are disagreeably artful but, of the glossies, it has the longest text and the greatest number of illustrations, thoughfully chosen and usually accurately captioned. If I had the money to spend I think it would go upon this one.

How then shall we judge the World of Islam Festival 1976? We cannot avoid seeing a scramble of academics, institutions, publishers, journals, auctioneers, art-merchants and public-relations operators striving with varying success to get upon the bandwagon of a bonanza involving millions of pounds. It is, though this was not the image intended by its promoters, a melancholy celebration of the extent to which Britain has become a client state of oil-rich nations, extracting parasitic profits by surviving entrepreneurial skills. On the credit side, it presents to the British public a multiplicity of exotic spectacles and exhibitions, the like of which has possibly never been seen in our history.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Indian Summer

Much Ado about Nothing *Stratford*
Actors Company *Wimbledon*
Dirty Linen *Almost Free*

The permanent stage at Stratford this season may be an approximate replica of the Swan, wooden O and all, but it's already clear that those members of the audience who come without their ruffs and codpieces need not feel too out of place. Elizabethanism isn't always to prevail. At any rate, John Barton has stuck awnings over the timbered balconies, blacked up some of his supporting cast, and set *Much Ado* in what the uniforms, straw hats, pinnies, glum-faced porters, sunshine and distant sound of cricket alike proclaim to be late 19th-century India, complete with everything but kedgeree. Off-duty campaigners lounge in wicker chairs, occasionally rousing themselves for a practical joke or a little flirtation with the local ladies of leisure, much as Shakespeare has them do in the 16th-century raj he called Messina. The setting suits the play's atmosphere, but it does encourage a snooziness of pace – and perhaps also a certain staidness of manner. On the announcement of his engagement, potentially an excuse for Sicilian or Elizabethan-English whoopee, Claudio strolls about shaking hands, as at a governor-general's garden party. Nor is it easy to believe that one of these Victorian misses, however spirited, would suddenly invite her swain to murder the man who has hurt her cousin.

If Judi Dench manages that notorious climax, 'kill Claudio', more persuasively than one had feared, it's because she's gone to considerable and perhaps excessive pains to emphasise a capacity for strong feeling. It is the fashion nowadays to linger over Beatrice's odd admission that her mother 'cried' when she was born, but Miss Dench does so more deliberately than most actresses, and her brightness and gaiety is always of the surface rather than the spirit. This 'merry lady' is melancholy, sentient, and hungry for something she's long stopped expecting to find. At first Donald Sinden's Benedick annoys her very much indeed, as she does him: their banter gets so unlight, unjolly and un-all the things it usually is that the assembled listeners are thoroughly embarrassed. Then she treats him with studied contempt, coming to invite him in to dinner with a gong, which she sporadically bashes, as if he were some spectacularly imbecilic child, only to be reached by the most primitive teaching methods. And then – but it hardly takes a student of psychology, or of Shakespeare, to see where all this is tending. Miss Dench has always been good at expressing love onstage, and she grabs her chance with an awestruck rapture that some may find more suited to an overage Juliet than to Beatrice. But it's a bold and thrilling display of emotion and, without it, 'kill Claudio' would be made absurd by the coffeepots and C of E padres that make up the local landscape.

Maybe there could be more humour in her performance. But those who miss it will find ample compensation in Sinden's Benedick, an observant study of a bachelor under siege. His fretful, fidgety, overemphatic disclaimers suggest, very near the beginning, that he may not be as hostile to wedlock as he pretends; and his laughter, meant to be uncaring, sounds dreadfully hollow. Before long it is, of course, coming from the other side of his face. Benedick will, as Sinden assures us in that creamy, thick-piled voice of his, be 'horribly in love' with Beatrice. But he won't submit to the marital handcuffs without the odd wince. 'Your niece regards me with an eye of . . . favour,' he growls at Leonatus, spitting out the last word as if it's stung him; and he has as much discomfort with 'marriage' in the next speech. Beatrice, once wed, would be wise to make sure his pipe, slippers and copy of Kipling are in the right place at the right time.

What one has to call the Indian summer of these tetchy lovebirds obviously dominates Barton's mellow and genial production, but there are other pleasures. The audience enjoyed John Woodvine's subcontinental Dogberry, an aspiring lawyer who knows less English than he thinks he does, though I'm not sure his earnest malapropisms and funny accent were much appreciated by the lady in a sari sitting near me. But I, and I daresay she, admired Richard Durden's supercilious Claudio, whose smirk survives even his fiancée's supposed death, and Ian McDiarmid's Don John, not a conventional villain, but a reedy milksop half-batty with sexual envy. When he calls Hero a 'pretty lady', you feel he's verbally goosing her; and altogether his performance left me wondering if one of the play's main themes wasn't frustration and repression, afflicting him, Beatrice and Benedick to comparable degrees if with opposite results. They react by embracing love, he by trying to destroy it in others: two case-studies from the updated and anglicised *Kama Sutra* that John Barton has eccentrically but entertainingly concocted for us.

The Actors Company is back in the London suburbs, as accomplished as ever. It finds a fair amount of human truth and social aptness in Shaw's apprentice attempt to twist romantic melodrama into socialist polemic, *Widowers' Houses*; and it does a good reclamation job on *How the Other Half Loves,* a play originally despoiled by the massive urban sprawl that calls itself Robert Morley. This is Alan Ayckbourn at his most technically dashing, if not at his funniest. I laughed more, much more, and certainly more than my po-faced colleagues, at *Dirty Linen*, Tom Stoppard's contribution to lively lunchtimes around Piccadilly. The characters, like many in his work, are drones and drifters, playing purposeless games on the periphery of the world of

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telegrams and anger. Specifically, they're parliamentarians, investigating allegations that a 'lawnmower in knickers' has cut a 'sexual swathe' through the Commons, the cabinet and Fleet Street, not excluding the NS. This machine, it soon appears, is the committee's demure secretary and, needless to say, most of its members have succumbed to her flashing blades.

The conclusion, naturally, is that MPs' public business is to run the country and private business absolutely and entirely their own. But their deliberations are the merest excuse for Stoppard to play with clichés, underpants, puns and slips, both silk and Freudian. Who but he would end an exchange of cross-channel platitudes with an English swearword – and the quick apology, 'excuse my French'? Who else sum up a parliamentary scandal with 'not since Dunkirk have so many people been in the same boat'? Who bring on a Lancastrian to declare 'there's trouble in t'*Mail*', or reduce a committee quarrel to slow-slow-time, to help a clerk with poor shorthand? Stoppard's lunchtime bill is designed as a thankyou to and for Ed Berman, the Almost Free's ex-American director, who has just been granted British nationality: the very subject of a second, shaggier piece called *New-found-land*. If I were he, I'd be pleased with that, and delighted with *Dirty Linen*, which needs only to be paired with some well-tried Stoppard, such as *After Magritte*, to fill any London theatre any evening. Now *there's* a constructive idea for improving the theatrical dump that passes for the West End.

Films

John Coleman

Hotpotch

Shout at the Devil *Odeon, Leicester Square*
The Maids *Curzon*

It is all very fine for the pre-credits title spread across the screen to boast that 'not a single animal was injured during the making of this film'. What about us, during the watching of it? After all, those poor old elephants were at least tranquillised. Peter Hunt's *Shout at the Devil*, produced by that independent money-magician Michael Klinger and written by Wilbur Smith, Stanley Price and Alastair Reid from the first's novel, lurches along for every one of its 147 minutes. Perilously based on a World War I incident about a badly wounded German battleship in hiding up a river in Mozambique and how it was finally discovered and destroyed, the movie is a sort of wily cannibal stew. Admirers of Lee Marvin staggering around in *Cat Ballou* will warm to him here as a gin-swilling ivory-poacher called Flynn. Roger Moore fans should relish his Saint/007 early moments as the twinkly old Etonian black sheep, Sebastian, whom Flynn traps into partnership. When Sebastian impregnates Flynn's willing daughter, Rosa (Barbara Parkins), and proposes marriage, the men have one of those protracted brawls which would have had them both basket-cases in life but is accepted as so thoroughly comical in the cinema. There is a lovable wog mute, Mohammed (splendid Ian Holm, who must have been chuffed about the mute bit), doggily devoted to Flynn. There is a wicked, wicked German, Commissioner Fleischer (Rene Kolldehoff – hiss), and a gentlemanly one as balance (hooray). There is a Cinerama-like flight in a biplane. There are several spectacular burnings of exterior sets and the orgasmic last blow-up of the battleship. There is also an intermission. Just before this, the baby daughter of Rosa and Sebastian is murdered by Fleischer's troops. Immediately after, we are graveside with Mr Moore unwisely muttering, 'There's nothing more to do now'. Oh, but there is, matey, there is.

The most tiresome thing about this enterprise is not that it will probably rake in the lolly wherever it goes and whatever I say; nor that it is as packed with twists of plot as an angler's jamjar with worms. It is the appalling bad manners of its tone, as if it had been devised by someone colour-blind to shades of feeling. Blithe and merry we are, well into the first half, with roguish Sebastian being invited – for instance – to christen some illegally claimed territory. 'I thought I'd name it after mother.' Mother's name, it transpires, is Gertrude. Then there is the capacious black housekeeper to Rosa, who lets out an 'oo!' on rolling back the sheet from malaria-ridden Sebastian, adding, 'Don't be afraid, little one. It has no teeth. It cannot bite you'. Do we owe this morsel of African folk-wisdom to Mr Smith, Mr Price or Mr Reid, I ask myself? And for quite a while further on, even after the scene has generally darkened and the baby's slaughter has turned Rosa into an avenging fury, there is always a giggle as braggart old Flynn/Marvin downs his third bottle of gin of the day. Mind you, as he is to die the classic sacrificial death, smile-snarling to Fleischer, 'We'll shout at the devil together', he is surely entitled to his laughable little drop.

It would raise *my* spirits a notch could I now come to praise Christopher Miles's version of *The Maids*, the latest British Film Theatre presentation at the Curzon. To be as judicious as possible, I must admit Jean Genet's canonisation by Sartre has always stuck in my craw; I have never seen the play, Genet's second, on stage; the translation I have read is Bernard Frechtman's and not the Minos Volanakis one here adapted by Mr Miles and his producer, Robert Enders. Briefly, the inflamed though not (to my mind) inflammatory story engages a trio of women: two servants, sisters in their thirties, Solange (Glenda Jackson) and Claire (Susannah York), and their rather younger mistress, Madame (Vivien Merchant). Madame's lover is currently in prison, thanks to a poison pen letter from Claire. While she is out, the sisters enact slave-mistress rituals, role-swapping; on her return, they try to poison her; she leaves and Claire it is who drinks the drugged tea while Solange delivers a curtain-closing 'poetic' tirade. Somehow both Miss Jackson and Miss York fail to mesh, with their very different mannerisms, as mutual self-destroyers; Douglas Slocombe's camera uses a few mirror-shots very effectively, but there is some raggedness in the editing (did a phone stop ringing before it was picked up?) and the cut-aways to *flics*, Monsieur, etc., disrupt the high hermeticism essential. What one conceives of as the right, sick, sinister quality is imported, rather, by Vivien Merchant, whose cooing, eerie sexuality lets in a little hothouse air. Otherwise, *gênant*.

Television

Martin Amis

Legs

Some of the sexier male spiders in *Eight-Legged Australians* (*The World About Us* Sunday, BBC-2) had only three or four legs left. The reason? Why, girls of course. One minor *affaire* we were shown began with the tiny male spider calling on a huge female spider at her web. During the light-petting stage, the female started to manufacture silk bonds behind her lover's back. At the last moment, and with a hideous lurch, the male bolted – leaving the female to enjoy one of his remaining legs, which she ate like a drumstick. The next suitor was, as they say on programmes of this kind, 'not so lucky'. After a hysterical brawl with a rival, he finally won the right to go and get eaten alive: failing to make 'the right signals', he was pounced on and devoured even as he swaggered on to the web. Not quite so unluckily, a third copped the deadly neck-bite while actually *in flagrante*. You get to have your orgasm first, or at least I think you do.

Thanks for that. One of the troubles with naturalists is that they always fall for their chosen species. In a book I recently skimmed on the hyena, the author (a German) was self-confessedly an 'admirer' of the hyena, a hyena person; and, in a tone of lyrical awe, he went on to describe the skilful way hyenas steal and eat zebra calves. The same indulgence was accorded the Oz spiders, 'just an intriguing bunch of eight-legged Australians', who, once you get to know them, 'often turn out to be harmless'. Scenes of behaviour fit to make a maggot gag were winsomely and appreciatively glossed, to the background thrum of muzak. For some reason this approach doubled the voltage of my electric recoils from the screen. That silly seven-legged spider, for instance, was hobbling for a gobbling all along, so 'obsessed by six' (in the Antipodean narratress's rendering) that he forgot 'that males often become meals'.

Whew. If they weren't eating each other during sex they were just eating each other, or each other's kids, or bits of each other, or getting eaten themselves. A particular brand of spider disguises himself as a twig, or even as an ant, to get near enough to other spiders to eat them. One little swine

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can pass himself off as a bird dropping (naturally an item of universal appeal in the insect kingdom) so that he can eat spiders who come along to admire him. A three-minute collage of their obscenely sudden attacks on each other – accompanied by jokey *whoops!* music – ended with me hiding behind the sofa. Evidently, the programme's open-pore camera work is among the most detailed and revealing of anything on insects we now have. Thank God for that.

Rightly is the new Thursday-night series from BBC-1 called *The Burke Special* – though *Humiliating a Studio Audience for Half an Hour* might have been less ambiguous still. Has Burke tried to do this sort of thing before? Has no one tried to stop him? Burke specialises in those funny little mental blindspots we all have, and he thinks life would become wrier and more Laingian if we located and identified them. For example, should Burke ever put you in a studio audience, mislead you about an unfunny sketch he is going to have performed, then ask you questions which expose that false briefing, you will know you are 'getting stuck in context'. Similarly, the next time some stumbling hick in a studio audience is bullied by Burke into making distinctions about his friends ('. . . one's less rich . . . one's extravert, the other's . . . less extravert') you'll know you are listening to someone 'using "constructs", as they're called'. And when studio audiences are split into two groups, one of which is given easy anagrams to unravel and the other word-jumbles to frown at, after a few minutes the word-jumble people will be slow to solve an easy anagram, because – because 'by then they have learned to fail'. Or, more likely, they have resigned themselves to being buggered about by Burke.

Another curious feature of the programme was that not many of Burke's mind games actually seemed to work. A mind-over-matter stunt, which required a hapless participant to practise walking along an elevated pole throughout the show, ended with him still clutching the hand of Burke's hippyish girl assistant. In another, Burke was confident that a mixture of colour association and mass studio hysteria would induce the subject to choose from a random pile certain objects to do with Little Red Riding Hood – within two minutes. After 90 seconds, the participant was staring with goofy good will at the jumbled clues, with Burke hollering 'Little *Red* –?', 'Little *Red* –?' in his ear. What was the point of it all – or indeed the point of any of it? Burke's dream, he said in summing up, was to try to help us 'make connections'. Burke he say, 'What is the difference between a bad marksman and a constipated owl?', and answered, making a gesture of canny coition with his hands, 'The bad marksman can shoot but he can't hit'. Only disconnect.

In General

John Pudney

The Centenarian Snark

Since its publication just a hundred years ago Lewis Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark* must have been more analysed, interpreted and explained than any verse in the English language, save perhaps Shakespeare's sonnets. The measure of its quality is that it comes through unscathed, its fun, its magic whole, meaning all things to all men. As if to fend off literary analysis – or in his perverse way to encourage it – Carroll wrote in his preface:

> If – and the thing is wildly possible – the charge of writing nonsense were ever brought against the author of this brief but instructive poem, it would be based, I feel convinced, on the line
>
> 'Then the bowsprit got mixed with the rudder sometimes.'

He went on in terms of pure logical nonsense to explain just how the mix-up took place. To one of the little girls to whom he sent presentation copies he wrote:

> When you have read the *Snark*, I hope you will write me a little note and tell me how you like it, and if you can *quite* understand it. Some children are puzzled with it. Of course you know what a Snark is? If you do, please tell *me*: for I haven't an idea what it is like . . .

He, the Rev. Charles Dodgson, 44 years old and a mathematics don at Christ Church, knew something of the value of his Lewis Carroll 'nonsense', for the two Alice books were established best-sellers. The Snark was to complete a trilogy of poetic magic which was his life's reality and which, strive as he might, he would never be able to add to or repeat. Though as Dodgson he did not care to admit to being Carroll unless it suited him, as Carroll he liked very much to expose himself to his admiring public.

He had explained how a 'golden afternoon' on the river and the company of certain little girls (his essential catalyst) had caused him to tell the story of *Alice in Wonderland*. In the same way, he revealed the genesis of the Snark:

> I was walking on a hillside, alone, one bright summer day, when suddenly there came into my head one line of verse – one solitary line – 'For the Snark *was* a Boojum, you see.' I knew not what it meant, then: I know not what it means, now; but I wrote it down: and, sometime afterwards, the rest of the stanza occurred to me, that being its last line: and so by degrees, at odd moments during the next year or two, the rest of the poem pieced itself together, that being its last stanza.

This celebrated stroll took place in Guildford on a July afternoon in 1874. He made a literary myth out of one of those moments of inspiration which happen to every poet at the outset of every poem.

While 'the rest of the poem pieced itself together', Carroll was engaged in a strange activity, unique to him. He was trying to settle on an illustrator to whom he could feed the poem bit by bit – or in this case 'Fit' by 'Fit' – as it was written. He always envisaged his writings as illustrated works. He was an illustrator manqué. He had had to concede from the beginning that his own drawings were not quite good enough for publication. So he was a tyrant to those who worked for him (and were paid out of his own pocket). After the two *Alices*, Tenniel would not work for him again – indeed never illustrated another book.

His man this time was Henry Holiday, an established painter whose *Dante and Beatrice* was one of the most reproduced best-sellers of the time. In January of the year of the writing of the *Snark* Carroll called at the artist's home and looked over his work. In his diary the following day he noted:

> Told Holiday of an idea his drawings suggested to me, that he might illustrate a child's book for me. If *only* he can draw grotesques, it would be all I should desire – the grace and beauty of his pictures would quite rival Tenniel, I think.

Holiday 'not unnaturally invented a Boojum' and offered it on spec, envisaging it as the *chef-d'oeuvre*. Carroll dismissed not only this but any illustration of the Boojum. He told Holiday that all his descriptions of the Boojum were quite unimaginable and he wanted the creature to remain so. He called Holiday's creation 'a delightful monster' but was firm about it being inadmissible. A glance at the drawing, which has been preserved, may well persuade any reader of the poem that Carroll was right. Carroll, as a true poet, did not wish his work to be interpreted, only illustrated. He was shy of any interpretation of the poem, philosophical, sociological, religious, political. He himself was an intellectual gymnast, a mathematician, a puzzle-maker and well equipped to explain, yet he said it was nonsense. All his knowledge, his beliefs, his doubts, contribute to this 'nonsense', his rare – almost his last – moment of inspiration.

The catalyst for this poem was, as before, a child friend, a 'little bare-legged girl in a sailor's jersey who used to run into my lodgings from the sea'. Her name was Gertrude Chataway and she made such a profound impression that Carroll dedicated *The Hunting of the Snark* to her, writing his acrostic verses within a month of first meeting her:

Inscribed to a dear Child: In memory of golden summer hours and whispers of a summer sea

Girt with a boyish garb for boyish task,
*E*ager she wields her spade: yet loves as well
*R*est on a friendly knee, intent to ask
*T*he tale he loves to tell.

Rude spirits of the seething outer strife,
*U*nmeet to read her pure and simple spright,
*D*eem, if you list, such hours a waste of life
*E*mpty of all delight!

Chat on, sweet Maid, and rescue from annoy
*H*earts that by wiser talk are unbeguiled.
*A*h, happy he who owns that tenderest joy,
*T*he heart-love of a child!

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Away, fond thoughts, and vex my soul no more!
*W*ork claims my wakeful nights, my busy days –
*A*lbeit bright memories of that sunlit shore
*Y*et haunt my dreaming gaze!

Carroll sent a copy of this to Gertrude's mother, asking her permission to print it. The lady responded favourably, though she had not only overlooked the ingenuity of the double acrostic but had not noticed any acrostic at all. He pointed it out, adding, 'I shan't tell anyone it is an acrostic – but someone will be sure to find out before long.'

Only a few months before publication, poor Holiday was still having a rough time. His design for the cover of the book was rejected: '*That* would have done beautifully for a volume of poems meant for aesthetic adults,' wrote Carroll to Macmillan's. '*This* book is meant for children.'

Three days later Carroll came up with a gift to the book trade. The book jackets of the period were plain paper wrappers. He gave instructions for the title and author's name to appear on the spine and the front of the wrapper. 'I want you to print it on the paper wrapper,' he instructed Macmillan's. 'The advantage will be that it can stand in bookstalls without being taken out of paper, and so can be kept in cleaner and more saleable condition.' So he 'invented' the dust jacket.

He wanted publication of the Snark to take place on 1 April 1876: 'Surely that is the fittest day for it to appear?' It came out a few days earlier, and did not excite the critics, though by that time *Alice* was in its forty-ninth thousand and the *Looking-Glass* in its thirty-eighth thousand. He was not too disturbed by this. 'I am strongly of opinion,' he announced, 'that an author had far better *not* read any review of his books: the unfavourable ones are almost certain to make him cross, and the favourable ones conceited.'

Weekend Competition

No 2408 **Set by Tim Hopkins**

Mr Hopkins has kindly suggested that my Friday mornings are quite onerous enough without the chore of writing the Comp. report. He invites competitors to send me all-purpose reports, which I can use week in, week out. 120 words by 30 April.

Result of No 2405
Set by Henry Hetherington

Competitors were asked to annoy Kingsley Amis, apropos his NS piece on 'Words and Meanings'.

Report **by The Lemon Kid**

I hereby put the lemon on those competitors (and they were many) who relied on Dave Spart jargon rather than on strictly linguistic subliteracy. Plus which, no one showed much awareness of modern trends in punctuation, their what really get my goat. Still, the winning entries make suitably emetic reading. Honourable mentions to Berkeley, Matthews, Todd, Anthony and Ransome. £6 each to the winners.

That's him (long gone the academic gown!)
Enthroned on an adverb modifying a noun;
And, hopefully, this ain't no grammatical howler,
Though not quite Gowers nor, thankfully, very Fowler.

Very Kingsley Amis, very Sanderson,
Ushers his fresh linguistic standards in.
Okay by me, says Amis, bloody good;
I refute the charge that I'm a proscriptive prude.

He'll, hopefully, grow disinterested in the fight
And the linguistic liberals will win out alright;
For, optimistically, the purist P.C. Plods
Will not defeat such astronomical odds.
TOM DONNELLY

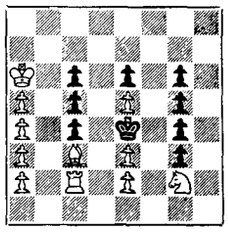
Hopefully at this moment in time it is no longer necessary to strongly refute those people whom we know are so disinterested in our language as to not appreciate the difference between a noun and a substantive, but there is one abuse, well known to you and I, and quite different to the normal, everyday, run-of-the-mill mistake in the usage and employment of words which are made by people less well language-oriented, and that is the on-going practise of announcers on television – a media whose linguistic criteria seems very unique! – of using such vulgar expressions as 'OK' (for the perfectly meaningful *alright*) and the clumsy 'as far as policies are concerned' (for *policy-wise*).
DAVID PHILLIPS

Grass roots language ability at this moment of time is at a low ebb. Due to poor teaching situations literally no school leaver has a valid grasp of English and even seem to proudly flout their disinterest. Research shows we can deduce from the true facts that grammar instruction cannot be superceded by mechanical advances; having the glamour of technology but refuted by sophisticated English teachers. Such devices are alright in theory but don't work out in practise at the end of the day, irregardless of monetary outlay. This infers a global, people oriented approach is indicated. Hopefully this phenomena is curable – our technical unit are finalising viable forward planning of a very unique new method. Contact us 'immediately' for a personalised prospectus for your-type school which we momently anticipate a heavy demand for.
PETER ALEXANDER

Language-wise, though the parameters are constantly expanding, we need to make definitive value judgments on every neologism. Some new innovations are necessary requisites to an on-going development of communication; others, regretfully, are chronic examples of transistory fashion. Though the protagonists of pedantic Victorian English may evince an allergic reaction to the wind of change, the acid test is whether a particular general usage mitigates, however marginally, for or against a better understanding. In adumbrating a meaningful dialogue on contemporary vocabulary, we must appreciate that to discard every word that had suffered a sea change, or been adopted as a euphuism, would be to literally decimate our language of, conservatively, two-thirds to three-quarters percent of present terms. Who could face such a traumatic scenario with complaisance?
GEORGE VAN SCHAICK

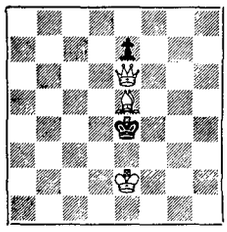
Assiac
Chess Board

No 1378 **Easter Telegram**
A. Sam Lloyd 1858

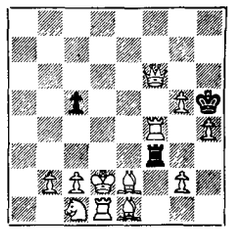


To get the desirable (or, at any rate, traditional) seasonal connotation I might as well pick a famous old 4-mover which great old Sam called 'Telegraph Poles'. It is quite easy enough to be a bargain for 5 ladder-points, and I would certainly consider **B** slightly more difficult, even though this is a mere mate in 3. As compared with the other one you might call it a single telegraph pole though, so far as I know, neither Herr Kohtz nor Herr Kockelkorn ever thought of their brainchild in such a way. By way of a very helpful hint I might add that the pretty little piece (worth 6 points) has a neat 'echo', depending on which of two squares the Black King decides to honour on his first move.

B: Kohtz & Kockelkorn

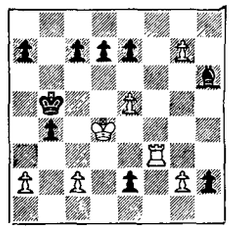


D: E. Brunner 1908

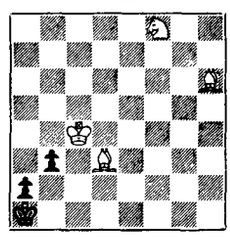


For **C** (for 7) I can't afford the space of a diagram, so I've picked one I used 11 years ago, but it might bear repetition. It's another one by Loyd, but I for one (and, I trust, many solvers too) can never get enough of saucy Sam. Put up the White pieces and find out where the Black King should go to be mated in 3 moves. **D** (for 8) must be the traditional 'sui' of holiday weekends, and while I would avoid a surfeit of them I think that, once in a while, they are quite delightful. I am pleased to think that, over the years and decades I must have gained some converts (and, indeed, some who have developed a remarkable talent for composition). To try some further proselytizing I have picked one that is simple as well as subtle. It is a selfmate in 3, meaning that White must force Black to mate him in three moves. By way of a very helpful hint just ponder about the future of Black's pawn and how to guide that solitary footslogger to a glorious destination.

E: E. N. Somov-Nasimovitch 1933



F: L. B. Salkind 1928



For 9 and 10 (traditionally inflated) points **E** and **F** are honest endgame-studies, the former a 1st prize-winner with, astonishingly, a stalemate after half a dozen moves of turmoil and bravado, **G**, a win, is resolved just as quickly. Usual prizes, entries by 26 April.

Competition report held over.

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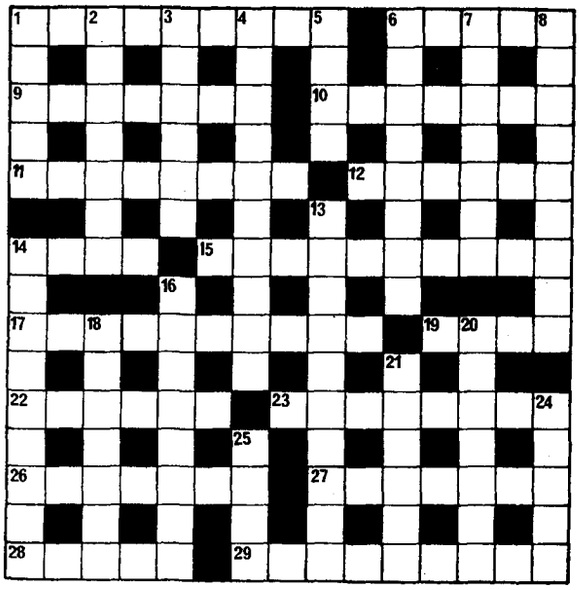
Weekend Crossword 1160

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1160, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 27 April.



ACROSS

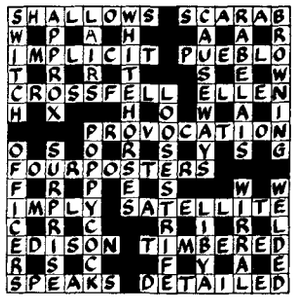
1. There is spice for a man in record breaking (9).
6. Harris's river? (5).
9. Meantime in winter I miss the sun (7).
10. Reports which get a point right (7).
11. Birds have to practise fighting before squabbles (8).
12. It brings victory to the consistent loser (6).
14. 'I —— my snickersneel' (Gilbert) (4).
15. Angry persons who chew their blazers? (10).
17. Blemishes which won't do for blondes (10).
19. Look for a match (4).
22. Tough guy's poetess (6).
23. 'Lifting the cool-hair'd —— stealthily' (Arnold) (8).
26. City that makes an attempt after style (7).
27. A row after work is like something precious (7).
28. If she lost her head I'd be in employment (5).
29. Arbiter's work (9).

DOWN

1. Food counters (5).
2. Unscrupulous competition in which a listener holds a vehicle back (7).
3. Miss Leigh as a goddess (6).
4. Furniture needed for the silent service? (10).
5. Got up as a flower (4).
6. Cop mixed up with a trial which is too hot for comfort (8).
7. Effeminate but heroic direction (7).
8. One who distributes and sends ripe mixture (9).
13. The inexperienced person has to offer a bit of a line (10).
14. Birds which will do for an expert on birds (9).
16. Valuable card in identical trick (8).
18. Sweaty places are enough to make the miners militant (7).
20. Mournful mixture of ice and gale (7).
21. Go and get married again? (6).
24. The writer, we hear, is austere (5).
25. Knob for one who is the tops (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1158



Prizewinners to No 1158

Sheila Naish (Guildford)
T. J. Aspley (Oxford)
Mrs F. Makin (Blackburn)

APPOINTMENTS

Assistant Secretary Vacancy — CPSA Headquarters

Applications are invited for a post (possibly two) of Assistant Secretary at CPSA Headquarters. The work is of a negotiating, not administrative, character in the Civil Service, Post Office and other smaller public bodies. The starting pay is £5,365 per annum, rising by seven annual increments to a maximum of £7,340 per annum, including Inner London Weighting. There is a non-contributory superannuation scheme providing for a pension and lump sum at the retiring age of 55. Full details will be supplied with the application form which can be obtained from the General Secretary, CPSA, 215 Balham High Road, London SW17 7BQ.

The preferred age range is 21-35, but candidates somewhat over the age of 35 with good experience will be considered. The closing date for receipt of applications (on forms obtainable from the General Secretary — address as shown above) is 19 May 1976. Further information will be supplied with the application form.

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(3) acting as a resource centre for information exchange and co-operative education for affiliated co-ops.

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John Hands, Executive Director, SCD, 381 Kennington Lane, London SE11 5QY quoting ref: DO/NS/15.

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SENIOR EXECUTIVE

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Please write for further information to **Mr B. Dembitzer, Project Hand Ltd, The Africa Centre, 38 King Street, London WC2.**

All the above appointments are open to men and women. An interest or knowledge in crafts, a driving licence, and a foreign language would be useful assets.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

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NEW STATESMAN
Vol. 91 No. 2352

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Meetings

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PRACTICAL SUFI TEACHING: 'The Unity of Mysticism,' introductory talks by John Ross, at Friends House, Euston Rd., NW1. Weds at 7.30. 21, 28 April, 5, 12, 19 May.

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RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE, 54 Holland Pk, W11. Sun. 18 April 5 p.m. Fa. Simon Tugwell OP on 'The Way of the Cross in Christian Mysticism'. Wed. 21 April 7 p.m. Vimala Thakar on 'Meditation & Modern Life'. All welc. Vedanta Mag. 40p.

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